



To be the best Beloved of a King,  
I vainly thought to be so great a Thing,  
That I, to gratify his lustful Pleasure,  
To his Embraces gave my Virgin-Treasure.



O pity me, for very sad my Case is,  
Who, to obtain a lustful King's Embraces,  
Forsook my God, my Friends, my Husband  
Which I for many Tears did sadly rue.

The Unfortunate Concubines.

THE  
HISTORY  
O F  
Fair ROSAMOND,  
Mistress to *Henry II.*

*JANE AND SHORE,*

Concubine to *Edward IV.*

KINGS OF ENGLAND.

Shewing how they came to be so.

WITH

Their Lives, Remarkable ACTI-  
ONS, and unhappy ENDS.

Extracted from eminent Records, and the Whole  
Illustrated with Cuts suitable to each Subject.

London: Printed by and for T. Norris: And sold  
by Edw. Midwinter, at the Looking-glass on  
London-bridge.



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# THE PREFACE

**W**E have a Proverb in England, That many speak of Robin Hood, that never shot in his Bow ; The Meaning whereof is, That it is common for Persons to have those Men and Women often in their Mouths, of whom they know but very little : And this, I doubt not is a true of those two unfortunate Persons, who are the Subject of the ensuing History, as of any others.

## THE PREFACE.

whomsoever. They have in general a Nation of 'em, that they were the Concubines of two famous Kings of England; but what was their Original, and by what Artifices they came to be brought into the Royal Arms of the respective are altogether Strangers to the History of. And therefore a full Account thereof cannot but be the more acceptable.

But there is another Reason that makes this History more necessary: Which is, That it is yet recent in the Memories of most, that we have had Royal Mistresses have liv'd in that Pomp and Splendor, (being made Peeresses of the Realm, and holding the first Rank among the Nobility,) as if their Honours had legitimated their Crimes: And, that Adultery and Whoredom were no Sins, because 'twas with their Prince that they committed it. 'Tis true indeed, the late Illustrious and Virtuous Queen Katherine was of a milder Temper than Queen Eleanor; and was not so much disturb'd at the Varietie of Mistresses that were kept under her Nose by King Charles, as the furious Queen

Eleanor

# The PREFACE. iii

Eleanor was with the Fair, (but Unfortunate Rosamond, though her Extraction was more Noble, and her Beauty far transcending that of our late Misses; And tho' the Royal Misses were a vast Expence in the late Reig[n], yet there was none that fell foul upon them, after the Death of those Princes; though I have nor heard that any of them ever did so much Good, in the time of their Favour with those Princes, as Jane Shore did in that of hers with King Edward the Fourth, unless it was Madam Gwin; who (how mean soever her Extraction was) abore her Exaltation with less Pride, and did more Good in her Station, than any of the rest; being exceeding Charitable to them that were in Want, and often refreshing the Prisoners with her Bounty, and for that Reason was more acceptable to the People, than all the other Court-Mistresses, however digni-fy'd and distinguished with their high-flown Tittles.

Perhaps the Splendor of their Li-ving, and the Port they still bear in the World, may make others, as well as them-selves,

## IV The PREFACE.

selves, think they were guilty of no Crime; but them that shall read the following History, will find that every Miss, how Rich or Poor soever they be, yet if she lives in Adultery and Whoredom, is as much, if not more guilty, than Rosamond and Jane Shore: For of either of These it may be said, they sought not the Royal Favour; but endeavoured to avoid it as much as possible; and were both of them betray'd by those whom they trusted: King Henry being brought into Rosamond's Bed, by her Governess Alethea, both without her Knowledge, and even while she was asleep: And as for Jane Shore, none could be more cautious and reserved than she; blaming her Husband's soft and easie Temper, in boasting of her Beauty, and exposing her to the View of Strangers, and by that Means bringing her first into the Presence of the King; altho' it must be owned he did not know him to be so. And after in the whole Transaction, the false and treacherous Mrs. Blague was more to blame than she.

Nor

Not that I hereby go about to excuse either of them as free from Blame : For Rosamond was willing to taste the Pleasures of the Court, and yet perhaps believed she could have kept herself from the Pollutions of it. But she before-hand knew the King had a great Kindness for her ; and had the fatal Consequences of it too plainly laid before her by her Parents, to make the least Defence for what she did by pleading Ignorance. And as to Mrs. Shore, tho' I believe she never did at first design to go so far as she did afterwards, yet when the King in Disguise met her as Mrs. Blague's, and she proposed to her unlawful Love : 'twas a fair Item to her to go there no more : She indeed blamed him for proposing it ; but that was not enough, she shou'd have forborn going there again, and staid with her own Husband, and then she had done well. If we would be Innocent, we must not only avoid doing Evil, but all the Ways that lead to it.

vi THE PREFACE.

Let me therefore commend this History to the serious Perusal of all that would avoid the Occasions of Sin; for here they shall see, Lust is a Pleasure bought with Pain, a Delight hatch'd with Disquiet, a Content pass'd with Fear, and a Sin finished with Sorrow.

And if any are so Weak as to be taken with the gaudy Trappings of Royalty, and glittering Pomps of the Court, let 'em read on, and see the dreadful Catastrophe of this imaginary Greatness, and then let 'em make a Judgment thereof. They that imagine Rosamond happy in her Bower, let them behold her trembling with a Cup of Poison in her Hands, and in vain begging to be deliver'd from that dreadful Draught. And when she has drank it, let them behold the Triumphs of Death over Beauty. And see what Disorders it makes in Nature, how her late beautiful Face is disfigur'd, and the Roses on her Cheeks all dead and withering, her Eyes distorted, and her whole Body swelled up, and labouring

## The PREFACE. vii

labouring under horrid Convulsions: And who would change Conditions with her now? And yet all this is but the Shell and Out-side, the least Part of the Wages of Sin.

And this we ought to be most cautious of because as the Channels which Rivers have long time maintain'd, are hardly restrain'd of their Course; so Lust, wherein we have been long plagued, is hardly purged.

So whilst some think Jane Shore was happy in being belov'd of King Edward; and having such Crowds of Petitioners attending her; yet such will soon change their Minds, when they come to find her doing Penance through Cheapside, bare Foot and bare Legg'd, and afterwards gladly picking up the Refuse of the Dogs upon the Dunghill, and at last dying in a Ditch.

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# THE History of Fair Rosamond.

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## CHAP. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of King Henry the Second, and by what Means he came to the Crown, &c.*



KING Henry the First of England,  
and youngest Son of William  
the Conqueror, had severall  
Children; to wit, Prince William his  
eldest Son, and Richard his yongest

B

Son,

## The History of

Son, and *Maud* or *Matilda*, and *Mary* Countess of *Perch*: But by an unhappy Accident lost them all but *Maud*; who being married to the Emperor *Henry the Fifth of Germany*, was very happily absent: The Matter was thus: The King having had Wars with the *French King*, and *Baldwin Earl of Flanders*, whom the *French King* had set on, (for they were always a back Friend to *England*) there was near the Town of *Nice* a great Battle fought between 'em, which continued for nine Hours; in which, tho' King *Henry* got the Victory, yet was he so hard put to it, that he profess'd he fought not then for Victory, so much as for Life: To prevent therefore any more such bloody Battles, whilst he was Victorious, there were Oportunes of Peace made him, which he hearken'd to; and so it was concluded: To strengthen which, there was a Marriage made between *William* the King's eldest Son, and the Daughter of the Duke of *Anjou*; at the solemnization whereof, there was veray store great and royal Feasting: But in this his Sister

Return for England; the King went first, and his Children in another Ship after him: But some of the Nobles, that attended the Princes, staying a little behind the King, to take their Leaves, were very merry with their Friends, and by that Means the Mariners got such Plenty of Wine, that they were for the most part made very drunk; and coming away with full Sail, in Hopes to have overtaken the King, they run upon the Shallows, where the Ship beating along by the Violence of the Wind and Waves, foundered; yet the Prince with his fair Bride, and many others, got into the Long-boat, and put off: But to hear the dreadful Cries of those that were lost in the Ship, and were just sinking, would have almost pierc'd a heart of Stone, especially to consider how soon their Mirth was turned into the most lamentable Mourning: But among all their Cries, there was none made so deep an Impression upon the poor hole of Mary, the Countess of Albany, as this Sister, whom he dearly lov'd, who

## The history of

crying out most piteously to him, to take her into his Boat, and not suffer her to perish in the Waters ; he command'd the Seamen to row back and take her in ; which they attempting to do, as soon as they came near, many others who were as willing to save their Lives, as the Prince was his Sister's, laying hold of the Boat, and neither Words nor Swords being able to make 'em let go, sunk the Boat, and so they all perish'd together ; the Prince and his fair Bride making their Bride-bed in a watry Grave ; with him perish'd also Richard, his younger Brother, Mary the Countess of Perch, his Sister Lucia, his Niece, and her Husband, the Earl of Chester, with many other Persons of Quality, leaving behind them a sad Instance of the Mutability of Fortune, and the Incertainty of Human Life. There were only three or four of the Seamen that swim to the Shore upon Planks, who were the sad Relaters of this Troublous Ship-wreck, which fill'd the Court with the deepest Mourning, and the whole Nation with an universal Heaving.

## Fair Rosamond.

The King's Children (all but *Maud*, before-named) being thus unhappily lost, and the Emperor her Husband dying without Children, she was again married to *Jeffry Plantagenet*, Earl of *Anjou*, and Heir to *Fulk Earl of Anjou in France*; by whom she had Issue, three Sons, viz. *Henry Jeffry*, and *William*. And now King *Henry*, to make the Crown sure to his Daughter and her Children, swore the People of *England* three times to be true and faithful to his Daughter *Maud* and heir Heirs, and with their Lives and Estates to oppose their Enemies, and settle the Crown in his Line after his Decease: But he dying, and being buried in the Abby of *Reading*, which he had founded, *Stephen*, Earl of *Blois*, Son to *Adela*, Daughter to *William the Conqueror*, ingratiating himself with the Nobles, and giving large gifts and immunities to those of the lower Rank, got himself crowned King; upon which bloody *Warren*-field, till at last it was agreed, That *Stephen* should have the Crown during his Life, and then *Henry* should suc-

# The History of

succeed ; and Stephen soon after dying of Grief for the untimely Death of his own Son ; Henry, who was then victoriously warring in France, came over, and was attended by a great Number of the Nobility : and was three Times crowned, viz by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Westminster, at Lincoln, and lastly, at Worcester ; and soon after he married the Princess Eleanor, Daughter to the King of Castile and Arragon, by whom he had four Sons, viz. Henry, Richard, Jeffrey, and John. And in the beginning of his Reign he made many good Laws, conquer'd Ireland, and instituted an Assembly of his Peers, and other chief Men, in the Nature of a Parliament, to settle and manage the Affairs of the Kingdom : Warring often with the French, Scotch, and Welch, as also with his Sons, whom the French King stirred up to rebel against him in Normandy, and other his Territories beyond the Seas. But to pass over further Matters of State, I now come to speak of the Love to fair Rosamond, which is to be the chief Subject-matter of this Book.

# Fair Rosamond.

## C H A P. IL

How King Henry, though married to Queen Eleanor, hearing of the Beauty of Fair Rosamond, became enamour'd of her: How he took a Progress to her Father's House, where he was highly entertain'd; and of his first Courtship to the charming Lady, &c.



**K**ing Henry the Second was a very amorous Man, though a great Warrier, and much given to take Delight in the Conversation of fair Ladies, with which his Court abounded, every

# The History of

one being willing to humour the Inclination of their Prince: And he once taking occasion to commend with a more than ordinary Passion, the excellent Features of a Lady to one of his Courtiers, whom he highly esteem'd for his Valour he very freely gave him his Opinion of the Lady in this manner: Your Majesty has indeed Judgment in Beauty; the Lady you mention is fair and charming, I must confess: But for a King so highly to extol her, I see no such Perfection in her, that deserves such Praise from so Noble a King: But if with humble Submission I may speak, I could tell your Majelly, I've a Niece, tho' but young, who in my small Judgment of Beauty, is far surpasses this Lady, as she excels the meanest Beauty of your Court; her Eyes sparkle like two Twin-stars, with such piercing Rays that dazel those that venture to gaze on 'em; her Fore-head is like a Heaven of Chrystal above 'em; and her Eye brows shine like Jet; and are arched like the Rainbow; Spring of Roses and Lillies are in her Cheeks, so mixed, that kind Nature has

# Fair Rosamond.

ver before made so fair a Mixture of the purest White and Red ; her Nose a little rising, exceeds that which Apelles painted *Venus* with, as the chiefest Ornament of her Beauty ; her Lips exceed the Coral whenever so finely polished, soft as the Crimson Velvet, hiding two Rows of Orient Pearl ; her Chin, which with a little Dimple adds Beauty to the rest, and makes her Face a perfect oval ; her rising Breasts are like two Hills of Snow, and her pretty hands excel in Whiteness the Alabaster, and so spread and branched with various Veins of Azure, that the Motion of the Blood in 'em may be seen thro' the soft transparent Skin : To be brief, she is the Master-piece of Nature, who when she made her, cry'd, A *perfect Hit*, and threw away the mould, that none so lovely, fair and charming might come after, to dazzle the Eyes of Men, and wound their Hearts. The King hearing thin Relation, could not but smile with Joy, and demanded of him in what Corner of the Kingdom so great a Beauty could be hid ; and if he might not see her, to be satisfied whether the Description

## The History of

scription he had given, would agree to the Person ; or whether his Affection didn't wrong his Judgment ? To this the Courtier, who perceived he had gone too far, and that the King began to be enamoured on the bare Report, would fain have drawn in his Words again ; but it was now too late, nor did he know how to excuse what he had said : However he reply'd, He indeed had made this Relation only to set out a perfect Beauty to the Life ; beginning his Pardon and Excuse : But the King perceiving by the Coldness of his Reply, there was more than ordinary in it, grew angry, and told him he trifled with him, and charg'd him on his Allegiance to tell him the Truth : When, fearing the King's Displeasure, the Courtier plainly said, There is such a Lady, Daughter to *Walter Lord Clifford*, and of my Sister, his Lady, living at *Godstow in Oxfordshire*, of whom many worthy Persons have been enamour'd, and sought her in Marriage ; but have been refus'd, because her tender Heart is yet uncapable of Love ; and this last

firm

## Fair Rosamond.

firm is the Truth, on the Forfeiture of my Head : As for the Name of this fair Creature, it is *Rosamond* ; and Indeed she is rightly nam'd, for she is, if I have Skill in Beauty, the peerless Rose of the World. Whilst they were thus discou-ring, Queen *Elinor* came to visit the King, which broke off any further Talk about her ; nor needed the King any more, for his heart was possest with a Desire to see her, that he could hardly sleep a Nights for thinking of her.

It was not long e're the King resolv'd to invite himself to her Father's Houle ; and to that end took a Progress into Oxfordshire, attended only with some truliy Courtiers, and was highly welcomed by the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady, who fearing what his Design was, ordered their Daughter not to appear in his Presence : But the King ordering one of his Attendants to enquire of the Servants to know if she was at home ; and finding she was, demanded to see her, vowing he would not dine till he had. So that all their Excuses of Illness, and the like, availed nothing ; then she was or-

# The History of

ordered to put on her best Apparel, and come down, that she might pay her Duty to the King; which she did in the most courtly Manner, her Blushes, if possible, adding to her Beauty: So that at the first sight she appear'd in his Eyes like an Angel; whereupon he eagerly desired her; and Dinner being placed on the Table, he commanded she should sit down, causing her to be placed directly over against him, on whose pretty Eyes he so long gazed, that he forgot oftentimes to eat, taking in a long Draught of Love, which in the end prov'd the Ruin of fair Rosamond by the Jealousy of his furious Queen. In the Sequel of this History will appear.

Chap

# Fair Rosamond.

## C H A P. III.

*How King Henry won the Love of fair Rosamond by rich Presents, and bribed her Governess to favour his Designs : How he went to France to subdue his Foes ; the Letters that passed between him and his Mistress, with other Matters.*



THE King having been highly entre-  
tained by the Lord Clifford, and  
Earl to fair Rosamond for three Days  
together, he had several Opportunities  
to discourse in private with the  
Cham-

charming Virgin, whom he so much won upon with Presents of rich Jewels, and other costly Things, that he rais'd an Ambition in her tender Breast, that before was a Stranger to it, to glitter near a Throne, though but in a Tin-  
el Splendor ; for she was not ignorant he was already married, and that his Queen she could not be ; tho' he often protested, if that Vacancy happen'd, he would raise her to the Dignity of the  
Kingdome. He also bestowed his Gold liberally upon her Tutors, or Woman who had the Care of her Education ; which blinded her Eyes, and prevailed over her Conscience, that she promised him all that was in her Power with  
the young Lady, to further his wished  
Happiness. And so having given  
a store of Gold to all the Servants, he took his Leave of his fair Mistress, with  
many endearing kisses ; which he had  
no sooner done, but that he heard Trou-  
bles were again risen in his Territories  
beyond the Seas, which requir'd his Pres-  
ence to allay and settle.

AN EASY DRAMA IN CHORUSES OF THE  
MUSIC

# Fair Rosamond.

15

The King soon arising a gallant Army, passed into France, the Terror of whose Name so daunted his Enemies, that they quickly fled, leaving the towns and Places they had surprized to his Obedience. Yet in the midst of Wars, Blood, and Slaughter his Love prevailed, and made him write to fair Rosamond in these Words:

Fair Lady,

I Nsp're'd by the Remembrance of your incomparable Beauty, wonderful power, King is a Captive; I have overthrown, & made my Enemies feel the Effects of my anger, and mourn in Tears of Blood, my self parting from you, my Guardian angel, whose bright idea being still before me, made me a Conqueror where ever my name: 'Tis you whom I hold dearer than all the Glories of a Crown: Permit me first Oma, to assure you, my Day shall not be long; and when I return, I'll place you in a glistening Sphere above the Reach of those you dread. In the mean while, distinguishing King prevail in his Sun;

when he begs, a Line or two of Comfort  
from your dear Hand.

HENRY, R.

This Letter somewhat surprized the young Lady, and filled her with Fear and Irresolution; not well knowing how she should behave herself in so weighty a Matter, nearly concerning her good Name, Fame and Chastity; yet the glittering Prospect of Greatness and Honour pleading on the other Hand. She resolv'd to shew it to her Tutor, who had not been negligent in soliciting her to accept of the King's Love and Favour, as he had left Directions with her to do; expecting hereby Advancement to herself, if she could but be equally instrumental in bringing it to pass.

She no sooner read the Letter, but smiling in her Face, said, My dear Child, You may now well see, that all the happy Constellations agree, that so excellent Beauty as yours, must not be enjoy'd by mean Person; you're made for a Queen.

and is yielding now to Fortune promised, is a large Step towards a Throne : You may perceive a *Jove* is descending in a Golden Shower, to make you rich and glorious than *Diana*, tho' she was the Daughter of a King. Lay aside your Blushes, and send him a comfortable Answer : Let not too much Modesty hinder you of so great an Honour, as being the Mistress of so noble a King.

This made her Blushes come and go, long strugling within her, till at last this crafty Matron used so many pressing Arguments, that she return'd the following Answer :

Great Sir,

*I* was with no small Astonishment I rec'd a Letter subscribed with your Royal Name and sent to me, as I suppose from your own Hand ; but am altogether ignorant of any such Power in me, as to make a Captive of my King : But could not, I confess, read without some Pleasure, that my idea, as your Majesty is pleas'd to flatter me, should have an Influence in making your Majesty a Conqueror over your Enemies.

## The History of

mies. — Yes, may it please your Majesty, I cannot but interest myself so much in your Affairs, as to rejoice when you are Victori-ous, and be glad of your Success. But as my being plac'd in a glittering Sphere, above the reach of those I dread, I neither understand it, nor dare I give myself the Liberty of Thinking what your Majesty's Meaning may be therein: But as I know I deserve no such Promotion, so neither do I desire it: And as my own Innocency, & your Majesty's Royal Goodness is sufficient to keep me from any thing intended by it, that is incomparable with the strict Rules of Honour and Virtue. And therefore praying for your Majesty's Happiness, Prosperity, and safe Return. I beg leave with the humblest Submission, to subscribe myself,

May it please your M A J E S T Y  
Your ever Dutiful, and  
most Obedient Subject,  
and humble Vassal,

R O S A M O N D

# Fair Rosamond.

Having got this Letter from the innocent young Lady, she took care to send it safely to the King, according to the Directions left her, inclosing it in one writ by herself to the King, at the same time, unknown to Rosamond, which spoke the following Language.

## To the KING.

Dread Sovereign,

Bethought of your Highness's Inclination to serve your Majesty, as well as my Duty, and your Majesty's royal Bounty, has made me have no Stone unturn'd to make fair Rosamond's hitherto inflexible Parting give Place to your Majesty's Pleasure; nor have the Pains I have taken been altogether without Effect, as your Majesty will see by the Inclosed, which I have perswaded her to write to your Majesty, which being her first Essay, is sufficient to demonstrate that she has no Aversion for your Majesty; which tho' it seems not to Promis much, yet I durst not to cultivate in so great Passion the love of so great a Prince as your Majesty. But your Majesty will easily discern where

there are some Sparks of Affection couch'd  
therin, which will use all the means that  
lie in my Power to blow up into a violent  
Flame : For that she may meet you with  
open Arms, to give you that Satisfaction  
which your Majesty so earnestly desires, shall  
be the unwearyed Endeavour of,

Your Majesty's obedient,  
dutiful Subject and Servant,

ALETHEA

The King having received the Letter,  
first read that of Althea, fair Rosamond  
Governel, till he came to those Words  
*As your Majesty will see by the Intlosed*  
and then flinging that out of his Hand  
greedily takes up the other, (which  
was Rosamond's) and reads it ove  
and over ; then kisses it, and reads  
again ; and then lays it down, and  
reads out Althea's, and then takes up  
Rosamond's, and reads it again : And so  
into, says the King ! Does Rosamond re  
joyce in my Success, and pray for my Pro  
sperity, and safe Return ? Then she's in  
own ;  
know  
Great  
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own; and when I do return, I'll let her know in more endearing Terms, the Greatness of the Passion in my Breast I have, and what Returns I do expect from her, And to that purpose I'll soon make an End of all that Busines that detains me here :

*All other Loves henceforward I'll decline,  
For now the Rose of all the World is mine.*

EV. Pleas'd with these Thoughts, the King made all the haste he could to put an end to those Affairs that kept him there in Normandy: But notwithstanding all His deavours to return suddenly Home, the unnatural and rebellious Carriage of his Children, kept him much longer there than he intended.

C H A P.

# The Merchant

of Venice; by William Shakespeare ; with  
Chap. IV.

How the Lady Clifford discovered the  
Love that the King had for her Daugh-  
ter ; and after a severe Reprimand given  
to Rosamond, sent her away in  
private. How the King having got in-  
telligence where she was, caused her to  
be brought to Court, &c.



THE King's Affairs keeping him in  
Normandy longer than he expect-  
ed, it happened that the Lady Clifford,  
going into her Daughter's Closet, acci-  
dently esp'y'd the King's Letter to Ro-  
samond.

Rosamond ; at which being extremely surpriz'd, as knowing nothing of what had passed between them, call'd her Daughter to her, and ask'd her what the Meaning of that Letter was ? Rosamond was as much surpriz'd at that Question, as her Mother was at the Letter, being put to such a Non-plus that she knew not what to answer ; and therefore made her Blushes pass for one. Her Lady Mother taking her Silence for an Argument of her Guilt, took the Letter in her Hand, and went immediately to her Husband the Lord Clifford, who had a very tender Love for Rosamond ; and shewing him the Letter, he was exceedingly disturb'd thereat ; and so they both together went to their Daughter's Chamber, and upbraiding her with being a Strumpet to the King, and taking away clearly the Comfort of their Lives, who look'd upon her as their chiefeſt Treasure, — She knelted down upon her Knees, and solemnly protested to them, that she was still a pure and an unblemished Virgin, and that she never yet had given up herself unto

unto the King's Embraces, or those of any other Person whatsoever : This Solemn Protestation that she made, somewhat appeas'd her Father's Anger, who was afraid it had been worse ; and seeing she persisted in the Truth of what she said, he bid her for the Satisfaction of his Mind, to tell the naked Truth, and let him know how 'twas she came by such a Letter. To which he answers thus :

• My Lord and Father, I must confess  
• the King has made Love to me ; nor  
• could I well avoid the hearing of it ;  
• For when he was so nobly treated  
• here, how could I chuse but entertain  
• him civilly ; and tho' I must confess  
• he gave me several Jewels of great  
• Value, I thought they only were the  
• Testimonies of that Respect he paid  
• our Daughter, and not of any Love  
• he had to me, till the last Day I saw  
• him ; and then indeed he told me,  
• That if his Queen should die, no other  
• Person under Heaven, should fill her  
• Place but me. But I excused myself  
• if ever it should happen so, as being  
• a poor silly Maid, and far unfit for

\* such

such a Prince's Bed. Not did I hear more of him, until within this Fortnight, this Letter was presented to me by an unknown Hand, as I was going to the Chapel; not knowing it was from the King till I had read it; which whilst I was a Doing, the Messenger withdrew himself. And now, my honoured Father, I do desire to know wherein I am a Criminal, unless it be in not acquainting you I had received a Letter from him?

Her Father having heard her, thus reply'd, 'My only Child, my dearest Rosamond, the Staff and Comfort of my Father's Age, I am glad to find thou still art Innocent: Let me advise thee Child, to have a Care, and keep thyself Unspotted as thou art: Gaze not too much on the bright Sun of Honour, lest it should make thee blind to thy own Destruction; For shouldst thou come to glitter near the Throne it would be only with a faint Reflection, that would have in it neither Life nor Heart: What Honour wouldst thou have it said, That Rosamond's King

Henry's Concubine, and for unlawfull  
Love has lost her Virtue? Consider  
Child, if Chastity be gone, there's no  
thing left Praiseworthy in a Woman.  
Pride not thyself in being Beautiful,  
'tis falsely called so, if thou art not  
Chaste; for tho' thy Body appear  
ne'er so Fair, yet without Chastity,  
cannot be Beautiful. Beauty is like  
the Flowers of the Spring, fair to the  
Sight, yet quickly fade away; but  
Chastity, is like the Stars of Heaven,  
that always shine with a resolute  
Brightness. There is a difference be-  
tween Love and Lust, for one is  
so distant from the other, as Heaven  
is from Hell. And all the King's Ad-  
dresses unto thee, are the Effects  
of Lust, and not of Love; he has a Queen  
to whom his Love his due; and thinke  
what jealous Rage will fill her Breasts  
when she shall know thou robb'st  
of the King: For Jealousy is a Fi-  
re to the Mind, and a Terror to  
Conscience, suppressing Reason,  
inciting Rage. Think then, my Child,  
what 'tis thou canst expect in this

## Fair Rosamond.

27

unlawful Love, or rather Lust : Thou  
wilt be sure to lose thy Virtue, thy  
Honour, thy Chastity, thy Reputation,  
and which is more, perhaps thy  
Life ; and which is most of all, thy  
Soul, without Repentance. If there-  
fore thou wilt change thy Virgin-state,  
I will take care to get a Husband  
for thee, with whom thou may'st live  
honestly ; and that perhaps may be  
a Means to quench that Fire of Lust  
thy Beauty may have kindled in the  
King, and make thee safe, and us thy  
Parents easy.

Fair Rosamond gave great Attention  
to her Father's Words, assuring them  
with great Assverations, that she would  
to the utmost of her Power, avoid  
what're should be displeasing to them.  
But that as to the changing her Condi-  
tion, she humbly did desire to be ex-  
cus'd, for that she had a Mind to live a  
Virgin.

Her Mother thereupon said, " Ro-  
samond, it would be much more to  
my Satisfaction, and to your Father's  
too, to see you married, for then I  
could

you could believe you out of Danger ; and  
you well know my Lord *Fitz Walter*,  
has a Passion for you, a Nobleman  
of an Illustrious Family, as Wealthy  
as most Lords in the Kingdom,  
your Father would be glad of such a  
Son in law, and so should I, to see  
you so well married ; and therefore  
do not stand in your own Light, let  
you thereby do make us both believe  
you have too great a Kindness for the  
King.

To this *Rosalind* answered, She  
should be willing to give them all the  
Satisfaction they desir'd ; but hop'd they  
would not put her upon Courting my  
Lord *Fitz Walters*, however well accom-  
plish'd he might be ; but that  
was enough for her to entertain him  
when he came to Court her. Her Father  
told her, as to that, he would take care  
that all Things should be manag'd to  
her Satisfaction ; but when he came to  
Court her, he expected that she should  
treat him as a Person worthy of his  
Love ; for he should measure the Duty  
that she paid to him, by the Respect he

gave to that young Gentleman.. To which she only answer'd, She hoped she should in no respect be wanting in her Duty.

But while the good Lord Clifford and his Lady were pleased in their design'd disposal of their Daughter, King Henry was returned from Normandy, having concluded all his Business there, and made a Peace with France, and with his Sons. This made fair Rosamond very indifferent to the Lord Fitz-Walters, who by Permission of her Father, courted her ; so that she told him plainly, she had a greater Kindness for him, than to expose him to the King's Resentments : For she was sure who-ever courted her, must undergo the Anger of the King. And this was such a Blow to the young Lord, as quickly cool'd his Courage, for that he had no mind to have the King his Rival. But e're he went away, he told her Father how he had been dismissed by Rosamond; who then perceiving there was no trusting unto what he said, resolved to take another Course with her, and

## The History of

Save her from impending Ruin, tho' against her Will; and to that End in two Days Time, ordered a Coach and Horses to be ready, and every Thing prepared for a long Journey; and calling then for *Alethea*, fair *Rosamond's* false Governess, of whom they then had not the least Mistrust, told her their Thoughts of the King's Love to *Rosamond*, and to what Misery 'twould expose her to; (at which he shewed a most extream Surprize) and told her, That in oder to prevent it, they would have her married to the Lord *Fitz-Walters*, who, as she knew, had lately courted her; and then in what a Manner she dismiss'd him: And here *Alethea* thought it time for her to speak a little, lest too much Silence should betray her Falshood; and therefore told them, She often wonder'd why she treated that young nobleman with so much coldness, as she'd seen her do: And once, said she, I took Occasion to tell her of it: Madam said I, I think you treat your Lover but indifferently. As he deserves, said she to me. Deserves? said I, I think the

Lord

Lord *Fitz Walters* deserves a Lady of the greatest Fortune in the Kingdom, because his Person and Estate will answer it. Your Judgment and mine differs, *Alethea*, said she to me again: Besides, I think my Beauty may deserve more than another's Fortune, although my own is not contemptible. In short, I do expect a better Husband.

O Alethea! said the old Lord to her, it was the King that Rosamond intended; Ambition has the Ascendant of her Soul: And nought will serve her but the King's Embraces: This is the Thing that we would now prevent, and, honest Alethea, thou must help us in it: And therefore thou and she, to Morrow Morning, must with all Privacy imaginable, depart from hence to Cornwall, into a Kinsman's there, near to Lancing; there she may live in Private un-discovered, until the King's Affection be diverted, and placed upon some other More-tricious Beauty. And for your Care in the attending of her, and watching of her Waters, as we say, thou shall

' not only have our Thanks, but be well  
' rewarded also.

I will be sure, said she, to do my Duty,  
and think you take the wisest Course to  
save your Daughter both from Shame  
and Ruine.

With that, the good old Lord pre-  
sented her with some broad Pieces of  
old Gold, as a Reward, as he thought,  
of her Faithfulness. And the next Morn-  
ing, Rosamond and her Governess, or  
Woman, coached it away for Corn-  
wall, and in few Days came to her Kins-  
man's House, where they were well re-  
ceived.

But when the Wolf is set to keep the  
Sheep, they are not very long like to be  
safe: For Aleshea, bribed largely by  
King Henry, was all this while the grand  
Intreacher in this Love-affair; who  
took an Opportunity of sending to the  
King a large Account of all Things that  
had passed; and how far they were sent  
to take the Air, and she to watch the  
Waters of fair Rosamond.

King Henry having this Intelligence  
and thereby understanding how Thing-

## Fair Rosamond.

35

went, resolved to have her out of all their Hands ; and therupon sent for her Uncle to come to him presently : Who being come, he told him he had a Piece of Service to command him in, which he would expect to be most punctually obeyed. Her Uncle told him, he hop'd he would not question his Allegiance, nor the Performance of his Duty to him ; And therefore humbly did beseech his Majesty to let him know what Service it was to do.

*'Tis, said the King, to go immediately to Cornwall, where at your Kinsman's near Lancelston, you'll find your beauteous Kinswoman, fair Rosamond ; present her with this Jewel from me ; and use your best Endeavour to bring her to my Court, without her Parents' Knowledge.*

Her Uncle seemed a little startl'd at a Command so far from what he did expect : Which when the King observed, He, my Lord, said he, have I done ill then ? Where's your Allegiance now ?

Here in my Heart, reply'd her Uncle, where it has always been, of which your Majesty shall soon be satisfied, by

my Obedience. For he was loth the King should think he was unwilling to obey him, lest he should thereby incur his Displeasure, and run the Risque of having those great Offices he held under the King took from him : 'Twas only for the Sake of those he undertook the ungrateful Service which the King imposed upon him.

Having received the King's Commands, away he goes to Cornwall, where finding of his Kinswoman, according as the King had told him, he made as if he had called there by Accident, having come down about some other Business : Then told her how exceeding glad he was to find her there. And after some jocose Discourse together, asked her, if she'd go up with him to Court, for he was sure the King would make her welcome : which tho' he only spoke to feel her Pulse, he found her willing to accept his Offer ; and therefore without any more ado, provided for her Journey a very noble Chariot, and so attended with her Governess and a few trusty Servants, he brought her

to the Court, and put her in those private Lodgings which where before appointed by the King for her Reception.

Her Uncle having acquainted the King that she was come, and how he had disposed of her, he came that very Night to give her a Visit.

And seeing now that Beauty in its full Bloom, which was but blooming when he saw her last, he was surpriz'd with Wonder and Amazement: And Rosamond, knowing it was the King, as she was kneeling down upon her Knees, he runs and takcs her up, with this Exordium :

*O Fairest of Creatures under Heaven !  
Welcome to me, for thy excelling Beauty  
Commands all Knees and Hearts to Bow  
to thee : Then kissing her, as if he  
would have sucked away her Breath.  
Welcome to me, said he, my sweetest  
Rose : Welcome to Henry's Court, my  
dearest Rosamond : All here, my Rosamond  
is at thy Command ; for I no Servant  
have but what is thine. Then say  
my sweetest Rose, what is it here that thou  
wilt ask of Henry ?*

Then

Then being silent, as expecting her Reply, Rosamond answer'd thus :

Under the Frowns of my offended Parents, I beg Protection at your Royal Hand, and that within your Court I may be Free.

Free, said the King : Alas, my Rosamond, 'tis I have reason to make that Petition ; for you have long since made your King a Captive.

Pardon me, gracious Sovereign, reply'd Rosamond ; for if I've guilty been of such a Crime, I'm sure it was a Sin of Ignorance.

To which the King reply'd, Ah Rosamond ! You've made me Captive but without a Crime ; for 'tis your Beauty has intrawled my Heart ; that wondrous Beauty that's without a Parallel. And as for that Protection which you beg, King Henry tells you, that you may command it ; and 'tis the highest Reason that you should. But tell me, Rosamond, wherein could you whose very Thoughts are always Pure and Chaste, unto your Parents give the least Offence ?

Dread

Dread Sir, reply'd fair Rosamond, again, my very being here is an Offence; I came unto your Court without their Leave; and for that Reason your Protection ask.

To which the King return'd. I have already said, You shall command it. But sure, continue'd he, your Parents were f'th Wrong, to hinder you from coming to the Court: Where should the peerless Son of Beauty thine, but at the Court, its true Meridian? And to shut up i' hole Beams within a Corner that should enlighten and irradiate the whole Kingdom, must needs be a great Error. However, Rosamond, here you are safe; for any he whom he will, may as well take the Crown from off my Head, or pluck me from the Throne whereon I sit, as offer the least Injury to you; and I'll as much resent it.

To which fair Rosamond only reply'd, thank your Gracious Majesty, and will henceforth esteem myself secure, under your promised Protection.

This Discourse having pass'd, a short Col-

Collation ensued, wherein the King shewed himself extreamly pleas'd ; and *Rosamond* herself seem'd very well contented. After Supper the King told her, That in regard of their Fatigues of her Journey, he would give her no farther Disturbance that Night ; but would suddenly visit her again, and so charging her Uncle to have a particular REGARD to her, and see that she wanted nothing she desir'd, he took his Leave of her for that Time.

*Mabon*, who was her Governess, was with her still, - and did all she could to persuade her to yield to the King's Embraces : But *Rosamond* seem'd ayerse to it, what her Father had before said to her, running in her Mind. However, she dress'd herself with all the Gallantry imaginable, according to the Mode of that Age ; and the King having made her a Present of some very rich Jewels, she wore 'em all, to make herself appear more Beautiful and Glorious : Tho' to speak truth, her native Beauty was sufficient, without any Helps from Art, to charm the greatest Monarch in the World.

And

And now the King, who had two or three times visited Rosamond as a Friend, began to be impatient of Delay, and thought it was high Time to have some close Conversation with her. And therefore coming one Evening to see her, (for he generally visited her in an Evening, for the greater Privacy) he accosted her in these Terms :

*I have hitherto flatter'd myself, my sweetest Rosamond, that you have had a Kindness for me, but now I begin to find I was mistaken ; for I too plainly see you have no Regard for me.*

How, said Rosamond, somewhat surpriz'd : Can your Majesty think I have no regard for my Protector, under whose Royal Court I live here securely ? If I have any way been wanting in my Duty, or given your Majesty just Occasion for such Thoughts, pray let me know it, that I may better pay your Majesty the Honour that I owe you. But notwithstanding what you have been pleased to say, I hardly can believe your Majesty does think so.

\* How

How is it possible, reply'd the King,  
I can think otherwise, when I've been  
your Captive, and yet you never go  
about to set me free? Have not I of-  
ten told you, You have wounded me,  
and yet you never go about to apply  
that sovereign Balm, by which my  
Wounds are only capable of being  
cur'd? And is not this next to a De-  
monstration that you have but little  
Kindness for me?

To this fair Rosamond, with Blushes  
that still render'd her more fair, replied  
as follows : ' Your Majesty is pleased  
to speak to me in Figures, but I am  
but a simple Maid, and cannot under-  
stand 'em. So far you seem to me  
from being Captive, that you appear  
the only Man that's free. For were  
it otherwise, I'd make myself a Cap-  
tive to procure your Liberty, if that  
could do it. And did I see you wound-  
ed, if my own Blood could cure you,  
you should have it. Therefore, Great  
Sir, I would not have you charge me  
so unjustly : For whilst you are at  
Liberty, and Well, I do not see in

what is it that I can serve your Ma-  
jesty.

To this, fetching a Sigh, the King  
made this Reply. ‘ Ah, Rosamond ! I  
know you understand me well enough;  
but who’s more blind, than they that  
will not see : But since you force me  
to speak plainly, Know it is your  
Beauty that has wounded me ; and  
tis your Charms makes me a Captive  
to you, Love calls for Love ; nor can  
my Wounds be cured without Enjoy-  
ment. If therefore you have that Re-  
gard for me, your Words would seem  
to intimate, shew that is real, by  
admitting me to your Embraces, and  
granting me the full Fruition of your  
Love.

Rosamond seemed extreamly disorder-  
ed at what the King said last, and rising  
up was going to kneel down, but the  
King would not suffer her, but plucked  
her up again and said, ‘ Kneel not, my  
dearest Rosamond ; it is I should kneel  
to thee. I only ask —

Here Rosamond interrupting him  
said ‘ Ask for my Life, Great Sir, and you

shall have it ; or any thing that's in my power to give : But ask not for my Honour, nor to give up my Virgin Jewel for that's so precious, and so Valuable I can never part with it, but to a Husband. My Outward Form, is but the Casket only ; 'tis Virtue is the Jewel and when that's gone, what Worth is in the other ? Not a poor Peasant would esteem of that ; much less is it a Present for a King. Nor would your Majesty if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a Strumpet. She that lost her Honour, is but a faded Flower, how Gay soever she appeared before ; and like a clouded Diamond, is no Value. 'Tis Virtue only is the precious Jewel that ever shines with an unclouded Lustre. —— And then kneeling down, said thus : Then let me beseech you, Sir, to ask no more, for that which I can never grant, but to a Husband.

The King was mightily surpriz'd to hear such Words from Rosamond, whom he thought he should have made

my deaſy Conquest : And was as much  
in love with her good Parts and Virtue,  
as he was with her Beauty. But as he  
new Stones with continual Dropping  
of the Water wear away, so he never  
doubted but with repeated Solicitations,  
he might at last overcome this stubborn  
Beauty. And therefore unto what she  
had laſt ſaid, he thus reply'd :

Think not, my Rosamond, that it is  
laſt which makes me to ſolicit for Enjoy-  
ment : No, no my Love is no ſuch smoaky  
Fire, but burns as clear as Vestals at the  
Altar ; nor would I, as you ſay, receive  
that Gift that Virtue could not give me.  
Kings have you know, a peculiar Pre-  
rogative, and move in Spheres above the  
common Rank : Their Priviledge it is to  
have many Wives, when Subjects are by  
Law confined to one : And therefore tho'  
my Eleanor be Queen, yet Rosamond  
shall reign as well as ſhe, and ever in my  
Heart command as Chief. We will be  
married first, my Rosamond, and then  
I hope you will not ſcruple it.

I know not, Sir, ſaid Rosamond, who

ther or no it be a lawful thing to marry  
one that has a wife already ; but if that  
can be prov'd, I've nothing to object,  
for I have no Aversion to your Person,  
nay, let me tell you, I have a Value for  
you above others, both as you are  
Man, and much more as you are my  
King and Sovereign.

The King then gave her several kil-  
ses, with many Promises to make her  
Happy, if she agreed to what he had  
proposed. And having left Rosamond,  
goes to *Alethea*, her Governess, for whom  
he had yet a great Respect, and told her  
what Repulses he had met withal from  
*Rosamond*, instead of that Enjoyment he  
expected. *Alethea*, as one that was  
Cate harden'd in Wickedness, told the  
King, That if his Majesty pleased to  
follow her humble Advice, he should  
not enter into any further Parties with  
her, but that he should find a far nearer  
Way to the Happiness he desired ; for  
as to being Married, it would be both  
a dilatory thing, and of no Avail, when  
it was done, as she intedded to inform  
*Rosamond*.

But what is the Way then that you would advise to? said the King to her.

May it please your Majesty, said *Alethea*, the Way that I would have you to take, is this: That you should come into my Chamber to Morrow Night, a little before Bed-time; and I will leave you there alone a-while, till I have got my Lady *Rosamond* to Bed; and where-is Elye with her every Night, I will delay the time of my going to Bed, as sometimes do, till she's asleep; and then I will bring your Majesty into the Chamber, and you shall go to Bed together in my stead; and I doubt not but before the Morning Light, your Majesty will so well satisfy her, that all her Anger will be over; and for the future your Admittance will be easie.

The King was very well pleas'd with this Contrivance of *Alethea*, and as a Token thereof, presented her with a rich Diamond Ring, and told her, he would follow her Advice; and be with her incognito the next Night.

*Alethea* going afterwards to *Rosamond*, she told her what had pass'd between

the King and her, and how the King had promised to marry her: And ask'd whether such a Marriage would stand good? *Althea* told her, No; and that it would but enrage Queen *Eleanor* the more against her; For, said she, King may indeed be allow'd Concubines, but not more Wives than one: And that Concubines are not married, yet are they counted next in Honour to the Queen, and take Place of all the Nobility.

*Rosamond* was pretty well pleas'd to hear this, for Ambition had a great Ascendant in her Soul: She was willing to be Great, but loath to be thought a Whore: And therefore could not tell how to brook the thoughts of the King Lying with her; and therefore had a mind to have gone back again to Cornwall; rather than suffer herself to be disfigur'd by the King. But *Althea* told her she was safe enough where she was, and to be sure the King would do nothing to displease her. Whereupon she resolv'd to wait, and see what wou'd be the Issue of her last Conference with the King.

The next Evening the King came to Althea according to his Time, to whom Althea told what Discourse she had had with Rosamond ; and how she had talk'd of going back into the Country : But, I hope, said she, your Majesty will make her of another Mind before to Morrow Morning.

You may be sure, said the King, I won't be wanting on my Part. And thereupon Althea went to get Rosamond to Bed, as she was want to do : And in about an Hour's Time, (which the King's Impatience of Delay made him think an Age) she came back again to the King, and told him, That if he pleased to follow her, she would bring him where Rosamond was a Bed and a Chap.

The King needed no Perswasions to follow her, but went with her immediately to her Chamber, there soon disrob'd himself ; and Althea, taking her leave of him, left him to manage his Busines with Rosamond, according to his own Discretion.

The King having shut the Door, and lock'd

clock'd it after *Alethea*, went into Bed. So  
to *Rosamond*, who was fast asleep, and  
dreaming of the treacherous Part she  
~~had~~ *Alethea* play'd. The King not willing  
preferably to wake his charming  
sweet, lay still; but, lying closer to her  
than *Alethea* used to do, she wak'd  
herself, and not knowing but 'twas  
*Alethea* that was in her Bed, I prithee  
Governets, (said she, for so she us'd to  
call her) and such she thought she was  
lie further off a little; you crowd  
close, as if you'd thrust me out of Bed.  
And now the King thought it a prop  
time to speak to her, and let her know  
who 'twas that was Bed-fellow. And  
thereupon he pale her thus: My de  
clic *Rosamond*; 'Tis not your Governe  
tis your King that lies so close to you  
and thereupon embrac'd her in his  
Arms; and sure you need not fear the  
I would thrust you out of Bed.

It is not easie to imagine how great  
was the Surprise that *Rosamond* was  
at this Discovery; and said she would  
have gotten out of Bed; but the King  
held her fast, and wouldn't let her go.

to Right Sir, said she, I could not think you  
p, you wou'd have served me thus, & when you  
told me, that in your Court I shou'd be  
willing safe and free.

ng Me. Yes, said the King, I know I promi-  
told it; and you shall find, that to a Til-  
ak'd. I will make good my Word, for you  
was I shall be as free and safe as ever.

either. If it be so, said Rosamond, pray let  
us'd to go, and give me leave to rise.

No, said the King, then I shou'd  
owd't break my Word; you cannot be more safe  
Beside than in my Arms: For now I am sure  
proper nothing can injure you.

O Sir, consider, she reply'd again, what  
d' An be more injurious to poor Rosamond,  
dem than thus to have her Honour taken from  
ernon her?

Your Honour, said the King! I am  
lin in Fountain of all Honour here; and  
ar that I take, I can restore again: Nor  
what I shall do, be in the least im-  
greded unto you; for it is I alone am the  
was aggressor; and therefore if it be a Punis-  
hment wholly mine; you are but passive in  
the King's hand.

Come then, thou Rose o'th' World ; be no more coy,  
 But Love's Delights let's mutually enjoy :  
 The precious Minutes let's no longer waste,  
 But Love's delicious Sweets let's freely taste.  
 The Night will all thy conscious Blushes hide,  
 Imagine now that thou art Henry's Bride,  
 Whill Thee prefer 'fore all the World beside.

Rosamond now found Resistance would be in vain ; and that since Things were gone so far, she had better oblige the King, than to deny him that which he would take whether she would or no. And thereupon, without resisting him farther, suffered the King to do what he pleased ; which pleased the King well, that before the Morning Light appeared, he pleased fair Rosamond again, and their pleasing Embraces at last left them asleep in one another's Arms, until the Sun peeped in to see what they were a doing, which having first awaked fair Rosamond, she was surprized to find herself naked in the King's Arms, which summoned up the Blood into her Face, and added a fresh Beauty to her Charms. The King perceiving somewhat disordered, gave her

Words to keep her Spirits up; saying,  
*My Rosamond, as thou hast thus ob-  
liged me, doubt not but I will be always  
true to thee. Thou shalt want nothing  
within my Power to give: Thou hast made  
me happy, though against thy Will; and  
to requite thee I will willingly make thee  
wonderful, if all that I possess is capable of doing  
wonders. And thereupon sealing his Pro-  
mise with many Kisses, he once more  
quenched his amorous Flames with  
some substantial Joys.*

For a Time these two happy Lovers  
had often met and enjoyed their wanton-  
ing Dalliances in private; but the Envy of  
Lightsome Court-ladies, to whom the King  
& all had been wont to shew the same Kind-  
ness finding themselves now neglected  
, upon for this peerless Beauty, being fill'd with  
the Revenge and Indignation, did by their  
walk secret Whispers soon spread abroad the  
King's Familiarity with *Rosamond*, not  
only in the Court, but Country also;  
so that the Lord *Clifford* and his Lady,  
to whom Miss Father and Mother, heard  
it with much Grief; and those that had  
been long ignorant of it, did but lately learn  
it.

## 527 The History of

been her Suiters, where almost distract, seeing they had irreparably lost their Hopes of enjoying so precious a Jewel, seeing she was now mounted on so high a Pinnacle of Honour, that she was got above their reach. And the King, who knew his Love to be no longer a Secret, not only smiled at the Complaints and bitter Reproaches of his jealous Queen ; but caused his fair Mistress to be sumptuously Attired, appointing Servants to attend and wait upon her where-ever she went; so that being decked in Silks, and Gold Embroideries, and Jewels, she dazzled the Eyes of all Beholders, who could easily distinguish between fair Rosamond and all the other Beauties of the Court, as far out-shining them, as the bright Beams of *Phœbus*, out vies pale *Cyberia's* Light, insomuch that the Beauty of Rosamond, and her great State, became the Table-talk of all the Nation.

The King, being every Day more and more pleased with Rosamond, that her Friends and Relations might be

and satisfied, promoted them to Honour, and gave them Places of Profit ; and Rosamond became the only Intercessor for all that wanted any thing to be done at Court ; for whatever Favour she ask'd, she was sure not to be denied : By which she not only advanced and relieved many decayed Families, but often stood between Death, and such as had incurred the King's Displeasure, saving many that were condemned to die ; and in all Things she used those good Offices with her enamour'd Sovereign, as gained her a general esteem, especially amongst the ordinary sort of People, whose loud Shouts and general Acclamations declared their Satisfaction.

## C H A P. V.

*How Queen Eleanor plotted to destroy fair Rosamond; so prevent which, she was removed to a stately Bower at Woodstock: How the Queen to further her cruel Design, caused her Son Richard to raise War against his Father in Normandy.*



QUEEN Eleanor growing Outrageous, when she perceiv'd no kind Words nor Intreaties, mixed with Threats, could wean the King her Husband's Love from his new Mistress.

and though he laboured other ways all he could to please and pacify her, yet she set her Engines on work to frighten her from his Arms, and for the Safety of her Life enclose herself in a Nunnery, which according to those superstitious Times was held so Sacred and Inviolable, that whoever enter'd it, could not be taken out again; no, not by the King, without committing Sacrilege, and incurring the Pope's Curse. But fair Rosamond shewing him some Letters, threatening her Destruction, that were dropp'd in her Lodgings on purpose for her to find and read, thereby to terrify and affright her from his Arms; such Enquiry was made about it, that some of those that had done it, were discover'd by Similitude of Hands, and severely punish'd, and many of the Ladies, who spoke distractingly of her, and gave her Affronts, were banish'd the Court. Insomuch, that at length, perceiving the King was in earnest resolutely bent to defend his fair One, they gave over all further Projects of this Nature; and to prevent Violence, he appointed her a

Guard to wait on her at Home and abroad ; and to remove her further from the Queen's Sight, that her Envy and continual Clamours, if possible, might cease, he caused a stately Palace, call'd *The Delightful Bower of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire*, to be built with great cost, with all the cunning turnings and windings imaginable, far exceeding the *Dardian Labyrinth*, which he appointed for her Country Retirement, when she pleafe to take the Air.

This stately Bower had many Entries and Passages under Ground, into which Light came thro' narrow Stone Crevices, shaded with Bushes not perceivable to those that vwalked above, rising vwith Doors in Hills far distant, to elcape from Danger, upon any timely Notice, though the Place should be suddenly besieg'd, and surrounded ; and within this stately Bower were intricate Mazes and Windings thro' long Entries, Rooms and Galleries, strongly lock'd with a hundred and fifty Doors ; so that to find the Way out and into the most remote Apartments, the skilful

Artist had left a Silver Clew of Thread, without the Guidance of which, it was next to impossible to be done. About this Bower were curious Gardens, Fountains, and a Wilderness, with all manner of Delights for pleasant Situation, and Recreation, to furnish it out as another Earthly Paradise, for so fair a Creature to inhabit ; and thither the King often resorted to see his beloved *Rosamond*.

But this more vexed the enraged Queen, not only that she should have so famous a Place, built on purpose for her, but that the King staid whole Weeks in his Visits, and left her to lie mabling and tossing in much Perplexity, which another enjoyed the Embra-  
ses she expected ; wherefore she con-  
sulted with her Sons, now Men grown,  
how to be revenged ; and after many  
Things argued, and considered, it was  
agreed amongst them, that Prince Ri-  
chard, afterward King of *England*, shou'd  
go over and joyn with the French to  
the War against his Father in *Nor-  
mandy*, then belonging to the Crown  
of *England* ; which whilst be effected,

Speedily would withdraw the King  
and his Subjects, and subdue his En-  
emies; and so leaving his fair Mistress  
behind him, and *Rosamond* being deli-  
cate of her chief Defence, might lie open  
to their Plots and Contrivances against  
her Life, which while he was present,  
would be frustrated. Nor was Prince  
*Richard* slow in this, but made a fierce  
War, beat the King's Lieutenant, and  
took many Towns; which News com-  
ing to the King's Ear, rouzed him as a  
Lion from his Lair, and fill'd him with  
Princely Resolution of Revenge: 'Tis  
true indeed, those different Passions of  
Revenge and Love, long strugled in his  
Breast, but Love at last gave place unto  
his Honour, vowing his Love should  
make Revenge more sharp. And there-  
fore he resolv'd to pass the Sea with a  
well-disciplin'd and Royal Army.

C H A P

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## C H A P. VI.

*How the King took his Leave of fair Rosamond, to pass the Seas, and the great Sorrow she made for his Departure, with his comfortable Words to her : How he left her in the Care of her Uncle, and went to fight against his hungry Foes, &c.*



**T**HIS Resolution of the King, by means of the Keeper of her Bower, comes to the Ears of Rosamond, which she receiv'd with an inexpressible Sigh. Her Soul was filled with Mourning, as

# The History of

hear it; her Heart was turn'd a Ward-robe of true Passion; the rosy Dye that deck'd her blushing Cheeks grew pale, and Clouds immur'd the muzzled Skies of her resplendent — aury: So great her Sorrow was, it even made the Stars for Pity drop down from the Spheres, and *Cynthia* in a gloomy Vale of Darknes, insloured the pale Beams of her borrow'd Light: Had but Queen *Eleanor* beheld her now, her Envy would have fallen fast asleep, and Cruelty herself have fell a Weeping.

The King however, firm to his Resolves, being just ready to depart for Normandy, went last of all to take his Leave of fair *Rosamond*; and to assure her of his Love and Kindness, *Rosamond* had some Notice of his coming, and of the Errand he was come about; and straight her Eyes grew dim, and down upon the Ground forthwith she fell, and every Object danc'd before her in the Maze of Death: Her Eyes were clos'd, and tho' she sat in Darknes, without the Help of Light, her Beauty shined.

The

The King came in, and found her on the Floor, in all the Storm of Grief; sighing such Breaths of Sorrow, that her Lips, which late appeared like Buds, were now over-blown ; and when she came a little to herself, she pour'd forth Tears at such a lavish rate, that were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd the Wrath of Heaven, and quenched the mighty Ruin. 'I would raise the Pity of a marble Breast, to see the Tears force thro' her snowy Lids, and lodge themselves on her red murmuring Lips, which after a small respire, faintly said, *Ab, dearest Prince ! How unkind Fortune unto Lovers, that we must so soon part ; and my presaging Soul forebodes never to meet again in this World, if nowv you leave me to the irreconcileab'e Hatred of my merciless Enemy, quite void of your Royal Shelter and Protection : O for this, did I resign myself into your Arms, and gave up my Virgin Innocency, and unsported Treasure to your Will and Pleasure ! O is there no English General trusty and valiant enough to defeat and scourge your Roberts ?*

but must you be separated from your faithful constant Rosamond, and venture your precious Life, which is now dearer to me than my own, and all the valuable Things in this World.

She would have proceeded, but mighty Sorrow for a Time stopped the Utterance of her Voice, and she had fallen to the Ground, had not the King catched her in his Arms, tenderly embracing her, and kissing her wan and faded Cheeks and Lips a thousand times; then setting her down by him, he said, *Fairest of Creatures, thou fairest and most fragrant Rose of all the World, afflict me not thus with thy Tears; but dearest Rosamond, at my Entreaty let them cease to flow, and let not such a mighty Sorrow impair thy lovely Beauties; you are not ignorant how often I have been victorious over these very Enemies that now presume to dare me forth to their Destruction: I cannot, but confess indeed, I am grieved to part with my sweet Rose; but adverse Fortune proves an Enemy to us both, in constraining this unkind Separation; but no*

'till I doubt my Return will be safe, with Safety, and then the Laurel of Victory shall again by Dint of Sword shall crown me safe from Miseries, and make her smile when we meet again to renew our Joys and Delights. In the mean while, my precious Jewel, I will wear thee on my Heart; nor shall the dire Alarms of the War drive the Image thence.

To this Rosamond, (with Tears still flowing, and her snowy Arms cast about his Neck,) replied, And why may not I go with my so much-loved Lord? Who dress me like a Page, and wait on you in all your Dangers; and when in the Heat of Fight your precious Life is in Distress, by the threatening Sword and Spear, I will boldly step between, and by receiving the Wounds that threatens you, guard your Life with the Loss of my own: Wait on you in your Tent, and dress your Food in Day, and at Night I'll make your Prince's Bed soft and ease to you; and take Delight to do you all the Pleasure that I can: O take me with you, for there is no such Safety in the World for me, as in your Royal Camp: but wanting you, my Life is Death.

She would have proceeded, but the King stopped her Voice with many tender Kisses, and interrupting her, said, *My fairest Rose, you are not fit to brook the Toils of War, Ladies cannot endure the Fatigues and Harshships of Camps, soft Peace and delightful Pleasures, are most agreeable to their sweet Tempers, therefore you must stay in England's peaceful and pleasant Soil till I return.* Then calling to him Sir Thomas, her Uncle, the trusty Knight, who had first given him an Account of her rare Beauty, he said, *Here, worthy Knight, I commit this inestimable Treasure to your sole Care and Conduct, my fair Rosamond; a Treasure far more valuable than a Kingdom; take to you a strong Guard for her Defence, and be careful, I charge you, as you render your Life, that none be permitted to see her, till my Return. And expect, my fair Mistress, I shall often write to you, and require your Answers. Alas, said she, this Parting's worse than Death, and I'm afraid my Death will be the fatal Issue of it. I am faint the Soul and Body cannot part much so great Pain, as now I part with you.*

at thy Pain would I speak the last Farewell, but  
y ten- cannot. there are so many Deaths in that  
said, hard Ward. Go, Royal Sir, that I may  
brook know my Grief; for Grief's but guess'd,  
ndure while you are standing by: But I too soon  
, soft shall know what Absence is: 'Tis the Sun's  
most parting from the frozen North, while I  
here stand looking on some Icy Cliff, to watch  
ceful the last low Circles that he makes, till he  
cal sinks down from Heaven. Ah, Rosamond  
the reply'd the King to her, Merbinks there  
him were such mournful success in Parting, that  
said, I could hang for ever on thy Arms, and look,  
s i am away my Life into thy Eyes. But I have  
and far to go, and must hasten. And so boun-  
rea- said Rosamond again, if Death be far  
m; for that's the Stage to which I now am go-  
nec- ing; from whence I never, never shall re-  
den- turn. And so in Tears parted from each  
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## C H A P. VII.

How upon the King's departing the Land,  
the Queen call'd a Consul to debate the  
Destruction of fair Rosamond: Here  
they laid an Ambush near the Bower, and  
training out the Knight, who guard'd  
it, slew him and many others, when ga-  
ting the Silver Cup, the Queen found  
fair Rosamond arrayed like an Angel,  
and compelled her to drink a Bowl  
Poison, of which she died.



**F**AIR, but disconsolate poor Rosamond, gave a long look after the King, when he had parted from her,

and just as he was out of sight, (as if her sorrowful foreboding Soul had told her she should never see him more) she with a dismal heart-piercing Cry, threw herself down upon her Couch, and fell into a Swoon; from which, when her Attendants had recover'd her, she so oftainted, that her Maids had much ado to keep Life in her; but when she was recover'd, she gave herself up to Sorrow and Melancholy, refusing to be comforted for some Weeks, her Sleep still going from her; and when she slumber'd a little, she started, crying out, *O save me, save me, here's the Queen: she's got us at last;* and with the Fright awak'd fear'd and terrified with her Dreams. Nor was it without Reason that Rosamond was thus afflicted in her Mind, for all this while, Queen Eleanor was plotting her Destruction: Which to effect, she first propos'd it to some Favourites whom she had rais'd from a low Condition to a high Promotion, but they start'd at it, as a Thing full of Danger, seeing if it were known, their Lives would surely be forfeited and lost at the King's Re-

Return, unless they fled the Land, and left all behind them, to the Ruin of Themselves and Families. This so enraged the jealous Queen that she reviled them with a thousand Reproaches of Cowardize and Ingratitude, for the many Favours she had heaped upon them, which, with some Perswasions and large Offers, prevail'd so far with several of her Domesticks that they vow'd to stand by her in any dangerous Attempt, if she wou'd but vouchsafe to be present at the doing of it, that so, if it were discover'd, she being the Consort Royal, would easily come off from the Danger of the Laws, and they themselves under the Necessity of positive Commands, might have a more colour'd Pretence and Excuse for having a Hand in the Matter ; to this she readily consented ; and it being in Summer-time, undertook a Progress, as she gat out for her Health, appointing at a convenient time, her Conspirators to hide themselves in a Cave near the Bower, over shadow'd with Trees and Bushes, and at the Sound of a Horn to rush out and

and as she commanded; which they swore  
in God to observe: Whereupon she counterfeit-  
ed a Letter, as from the King, to fair  
*Rosamond*, and being near the Bower,  
which she hid herself in a Grove, and sent one  
of her Pages dress'd as a Post, to deliver  
it to Sir *Thomas*, the keeper of the bower,  
from, and no other Hand, for such was the  
wise King's express Command; and when  
the Page had deliver'd it immediately to blow  
er off his Horn.

This cunning Device took to her  
so, the Wish, for the too credulous Knight, so  
Conning as he thought, only a Post-boy, and  
from the Spy from the Turret, who watched  
the Roads, informing they were clear of  
any People, he came without the Gate,  
when immediately upon the Signal gi-  
ven those in Ambush rushed upon him,  
with them he fought valiantly, being  
stoned by his Guard; but after many  
were slain on both Sides being over-  
powered by Numbers, he was likewise  
slain himself. The Fight being over,  
and the Gates seized by her Party, the  
*Queen* came to the Palace, and getting  
the Silver Clew, she enter'd the Bower,

causing all her Servants she found to be slain and in the furthestmost Retirement in a fair Chamber gilded and shining with Gold, she found the beauteous *Rosamond*, the Object of her helle Spleen, all dazzling in Robes of Silver adorned with Gems, shining bright like an Angel; at which sight she sometime stood amazed, and began to melt into Pity; but her Jealousy soon reviving the Flame of Fury, with a stern Countenance, she said, *Have I found thee, thou graceless Wretch! who by thy Lewdness hast shamefully taken my Husband from me? Come, lay aside your gay Trappings, and receive the Reward of so much as commit Crimes like yours.*

Fair *Rosamond*, seeing the angry Queen before her, and hearing these dreadful Words, trembled from Head to Foot, when, rising from her Seat, she fell on her Knees before her, imploring Mercy and Pardon for her Offences with a Flood of Tears, begging she would have Pity on her tender Years and pardon a Crime she was constrained to act, and she would immediately

to cloister her self in a Nunnery, and see the King no more; or else abjure the Land: And if she had not deserved to live, yet could be humbly besought her in Mercy and tender Compassion to the Infant that ever struggled in her Womb she might live, who' in a Dungeon till she was delivered; and then she would willingly submit to die so that it might be sav'd alive.

This last Request, which she concluded would move some Pity, the more incensed the enraged Queen; for hearing she was with Child, her Fury broke forth beyond all Moderation; when, snatching up a golden Bowl which stood in the Table, she poured a Draught of deadly Poison into it, which she had brought with her, commanding her, laying all Excuses aside, to drink it up immediately; at which when she tremt, she bled, and begged Mercy with Tears, whereupon the Queen pulled out a Dagger, and once held it to her Breast, saying, *Ton Harlor, g. shan you queesse stomach'd? If your danc'd Palate cannot relish Poison, see how I have true Steel for your painting Breasts, to rid you out of the World.*

The poor sorrowful Lady perceiving which  
there was no Remedy, but she must  
die, stood upon her Feet, and with a  
bundance of Tears, and pitifully wrin-  
king her Hands, begged Mercy of God  
for her youthful Sins and Failings, de-  
liring that all stately Beauties might be  
warned by her sad Fall, not to be proud  
nor aspiring, but rather contented with  
a lowly safe Condition; and often call-  
ing for Mercy, she with her trembling  
Hand put the Bowl to her Mouth, and  
drank the Poison, which soon put an  
end to her Life; whom the Queen caused  
to be buried privately with the rest  
that were slain, and so departed, rejoic-  
ing in the Success her Revenge had had  
on her Rival, but little consider'd the mis-  
ery it would pull on her own Head.

Other Historians of Great Credit re-  
late the Circumstances of her Death in  
the following Manner: *Viz.* That the  
~~fair Rajamunda~~, sitting to take the Air,  
let fall out of her Lap a Clue of Silk  
which running from her, the End of  
the Silk fasten'd to her Foot, and the  
Clow still unwinding, remain'd behind

which

in which the Queen espying, follow'd, till  
she had found what she sought : It is  
generally said, That when the Queen  
came to *Rosamond*, she presented her  
God with a Dagger, and a Cup of Poison,  
desirous bidding her take her Choice, and she ta-  
king the latter, soon expir'd therewith.  
Others say, That when the Queen saw  
her, being amaz'd at her Beauty, she  
certainly upbraided her with her unlawful  
familiarity with the King, and so left  
her : *Rosamond* telling her, she would  
not ever be guilty of that Fault again. But  
*Rosamond* liv'd but a short time after,  
however that was, certain it is. That  
rejoycing Queen had made her that Visit.

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## C H A P. VIII.

*How the King returned, heard of Rosamond's Death, and the Lamentation made, and the severe Revenge he took putting many to Death, and imprisoning his Queen for her Life, building a famous Sepulchre for fair Rosamond, soon after died himself. &c.*



NOT long after the untimely Death of fair Rosamond, the King who'd the had had many strange Dreams concerning her, return'd home Victorious; but, for no sooner had he Notice of her tragickation, th-

King, but his Joy was turn'd into Mourning, and in a kind of Distraction he rent his Royal Robes, shot himself up in his Chamber, and would suffer none to speak with him for many Days, often keeping and crying out, O my Rosamond, my fairest Flower! How art thou us'd by a cruel Death, and with thee all of Joys are faded and wither'd? O thy King! Tears presaged this sad Event that should meet no more! O that I had staid to defend thee from this Rain, tho' at the Loss of a Country, nay, to the Eclipping of our own Fame and Renown.

When the King had a little eas'd his grief, he summoned his Judges, and commanded them to make a strict Enquiry after those that were guilty of these heinous Crimes, who fearing his displeasure, were so diligent therein, that most of them were apprehended, tried, and put to several the most cruel Deaths, who in their Tortures accused the Queen, and laid the Blame on her, who was not able to bear either the pain, or the shame, for so fierce was the King's Indignation, that neither the Apology, Nor

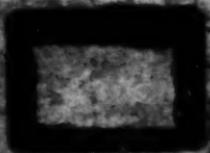
nor the Intercession of the Nobles on her Behalf, could appease his Wrath, but being a foreign Princess her Life was spared ; yet the King not only for ever renounced her, but confined her for his Life-time to a strict Imprisonment, commanding, if she died there, her Body should not be buried, but thrown to the Moles, nor would he forgive her at his own Death, for she outlived him, and was set at Liberty after his Disease by her Son *Richard*, who succeeded his Father, and considering the Hardship of Imprisonment from Experience she by her own Liberality, and the Interest she had with her Son, for the most part, set the Prison-gates open as well to Criminals as to Debtors.

King *Henry*, having wreak'd his Vengeance on the Murderers of his beloved *Rosemond*, caused her Body to be taken out of that obscure Grave, wherein the *Queen* had caus'd her to be laid, and buried her with all the Funeral pomp imaginable, at *Godstow*, near to *Oxford*. Erecting to her Memory a stately Tomb on which was this Inscription :

Sic jacit in Tomba Rosamundi, non Rosamundæ.  
Non replet, sedolet, quæ redolere solet.

In English thus:

Within this Tomb, lies the *VWorld's chiefest Wife;*  
*She who was sweet, will now offend your Nose.*



This was the End of fair Rosamond, who, had she not been led astray by King Henry, with the glittering Tinsel of Royalty, might have made a Wife worthy the greatest Peer in England. Or if King Henry had been then a single Man, might as well have adorn'd the English Crown, as Elizabeth, the Widow of Sir John Grey, who being courted as a Miles by King Edward the Fourth, plainly told him, That as she did not think herself Good enough to be his Wife, so she thought herself much too Good to be a Whore, either to him, or to the greatest Prince in Christendom: And this Opposition of

her's to his lascivious Courtship inflam'd the King the more ; as having seldom been refused by the Ladies of that Age, whom he sollicit'd on the same Account : So that his Passion grew so high at last, that what he could not obtain unlawfully from her he resolv'd to gain by the more lawful and honourable Way of Marriage ; and accordingly he made her his Queen, and afterward Grand-mother to K. Henry the Eighth, and was great Grand-mother to the famous Maiden Queen of that Name. But the Case was otherwise with King Henry the Second, who was a married Man when he courted *Rosamond*, and therefore had she refused his unlawful Embraces, and been married to an English Nobleman, as she might have been, she had never been recorded in Purity, as one of the Unfortunate Concubines of the Kings of England.

and record it. I did  
mean to do this right away  
but now I am not  
in any thing able to do  
to make up with him : when

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Fair ROSAMOND.



**I**N Woodstock Bower, once grew a Flower,  
beloved of England's King; / You'll  
The like for Scent, and sweet Content,  
did never in England spring: / And  
Her Cheeks were of the rosy Red; / As  
as fair as fair might be; / And  
Her seemly Front, and Ivory Brow, / like Crystal was to see.

Fair Rosamond, of Rose-like Hew,  
enticed so to Love,

As caused Henry's Royal Heart  
the Joys thereof to prove :

Lord Clifford's Daughter, fair and young,  
was now the only she,

That lov'd, and was belov'd again  
of his high Majesty.

At Woodstock, in a Labyrinth  
of many Turnings round,  
Where only by a Clew of Thread  
the Lady must be found,  
And by no Way but with the same,  
the which the King well knew,  
Which now and then for his Delight,  
him to her Presence drew.

Besides her Maidens, a false Knight  
attended on her there :

With whom he likewise fell in Love,  
but durst not speak for Fear.

At length, but with great Modesty,  
he courted her for Grace.

But all in vain, it booted not,  
he lacked both Time and Place.

Henry (quoth she) began with me  
to make my Thoughts unchaste,  
And none but he, and only he,  
my Body hath embrac'd :

Then I will be as true and Just,  
in this my wanton Sin,  
As ever Prince's Paramour ;  
perfit no more therein.

The Knight dismiss'd her Presence thus,  
grew daily in great Fear,

That Henry at his Back return;

should of his Purpose bear;

Therefore unto the Queen he lies,

and told her of the same;

How she had but the Title given,

and Rosamond the Gain.

Came I from France, Queen Dowager,

(quoth she) to pay so dear,

For bringing him so great a Wealth,

to be misused here?

Am I so Old, or he so Young,

to be a Wanton grown,

That for to have another's Bed,

he will refuse his own?

Like Progne, seeking Philomel,

she presently forth found

The Bower that lodg'd her Husband's Love,

built bravely under Ground.

And enter'd into Rosamond,

whom when the Queen did view

Sabravely clad in rich Attire,

to height her Malice grew.

No marvel (quoth the Queen) if oft

the Court did miss the King,

When such a bad steed as thou art,

him to this Bower did bring.

Now trust me, were she not a Whore,

or any Whore but his,

would her pardon; but, in sooth,

I may not pardon this.

Fair Rosamond surprized thus,  
e're ought she did suspect,  
Fell on her bumble Knees, and did  
her Hands to Heaven erect :  
She blusht out Beauty, whilst with Tears  
did wash her lovely Face.

And begged Pardon for her Sin,  
in hopes to find some Grace.

So far forth as it lay in me,

I did (quoth she) withstand ;  
But what may not so great a King  
by Means or Force command ?  
And dar'st thou Minion (said the Queen)  
thus Circumstance with me ?

Nay, thou wer'st best to come to Court,  
the King will welcome thee  
With that she dash'd her on the Lips,  
so died with double Red ;

Hard was the Heart that gave the Stroke,  
soft were the Lips that bled :  
Then forc'd she her to follow down,  
prepar'd her that instant  
A poison'd Drink, with quick dispatch,  
and so away they went.

The End of the History of Fair  
ROSAMOND.

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T H E  
History of Fane Shore, &c.

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C H A P. I.

Of the Parentage and Birth of Jane Shore,  
how her early, but charming Beauty, con-  
fused many to fall in Love with her, &c.



**M**rs. Jane Shore, the Wife of Mr. Matthew Shore, (who was sometimes a Goldsmith, dwelt in Lombard-street) and was Concubine to Edward the IVth, King of England,

land, is so well known in History, that he must be a Stranger to our English Chronicles, who has not heard of her. And yet tho' she be mention'd in all, there are but few Histories (tho' never so bulky and voluminous) that have given a succinct and particular Account of her Life and Actions; which may make this History the more acceptable to those that are curious to enquire into it.

This lovely (tho' unhappy) Woman at the Shrine of whose Beauty so Mighty and Warlike a Manorh offer'd up his Devotions, was the Daughter of Mr. Thomas Wainstead, a wealthy and eminent Citizen of London, and one of the Worshipful Company of Mercers, who liv'd in Cheapside, not far from the Chapel belonging to that Company, where also Mrs. Jane was born; who was brought up with all that Tenderness which an only Child commonly meets with from a loving and indulgent Father: Nor did she want for any Education which that Age afforded, and her Father was able to give, or she capable of receiving, Needle work of all Sorts,

with Musick and Dancing, were Accomplishments she might boast with any Citizen's Daughter in *London*. And being naturally Witty, and of an airy and facetious Temper, sets all her Parts off to the best Advantage; and her Father indu'ging her natural Vanity with the costliest Garments, set off with the richest and most resplendent Jewels, she appear'd like another *Venus*, or rather out did her, being admir'd by all, as a consummate Beauty: For tho' her Attire was very rich and costly, yet her own native Beauty was enough to fit her off: And therefore.

*The wealth she wore about her seem'd to hide,  
Nor to adorn'd her native Beauty's Pride :  
Bright Pearls and Jasper's of a various dye,  
And Diamonds darkned by her brighter Eye,  
The Saphire's Blue, by her more azure Veins,  
Hung not to boast, but to confess their stains :  
The blushing Rubies seem'd to lose their dye,  
When her more Ruby Lips were moving by :  
It seem'd, so well become her all she wear'd,  
She had not robb'd at all the Creature's Store,  
But had been nature's self, there to have shew'd  
What she on creature's cou'd or had bestow'd.*

Nay,

Nay, Jove himself wou'd reveal in her bower,  
Were he to spend another Golden Shower :  
In short, her Eyes shot such surprizing Rays,  
She was esteem'd the wonder of her Days.

No wonder then her Father doated on her : And his Trade lying among the Court-Ladies, he often carried his Daughter with him, to shew her the Pastimes that were frequently made there to divert the Queen, &c. which gave her an early Longing after a higher Sphere of Honour, than she had yet attainted to, or her City-breeding was likely to produce.

When she grew to the Age of Fifteen, her extraordinary Stock of Beauty, and charming Mein caused many to fall in Love with her : And some great Lords fix'd their Eyes on her to get her for a Mistress ; which her Father perceiving, sent her privately to be with his Sister at Northampton ; where she remained about a Year, till he supposed their Enquiry after her was over, and that she might safely return without any Hazard of being further tempted to Lewdness. Yet she was no sooner at home, but a

Plot

Plot was laid one Night to have her carried away in a Chariot by the Lord Hastings (who after the Death of King Edward, took her for his Concubine, as will appear in the Close of this History.) But the Maid he had bribed with Gold to get her abroad, repeating such Treachery to her Master in being instrumental to the Debauching his fair Daughter, gave timely Notice, by which Means it was prevented ; and her Father plainly perceiving, unless he speedily took some prudent Course, her Beauty would be her Ruin. So true is what Dryden tells us,

*Beauty is seldom Fortunate, when Great;  
A vast Estate, but over-charg'd with Debt.  
Beauty like Ice, our Footing does betray'd.  
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way  
Pleas'd with the Passage, we slide swiftly on,  
And see the Dangers which we cannot shun.  
Unpunish'd, show so few were ever given,  
Nor art a Blessing, but a mark from Heaven.*

And therefore he resolv'd to marry her, that so having surrendered her Virginity, and being in the Arms of a Husband, those that before sought to carry her

her Virgin-rose would not regard her, but give over the Pursuit.

And amongst those that courted, and earnestly sought her in Way of Marriage, was one Mr. Matthew Shore, a Goldsmith of eminent Note in Lombard-street, whom her Father pitch'd on for a fit Husband, and acquainted his fair Daughter with his Intentions to marry her to him; but she always shewed a very great Aversion to it, alledging sometimes, the Disproportion of Years, he being about Thirty, and she but a little above Sixteen; and other times his being much disfigur'd with the small Pox, and many other Exceptions she made: However, her Father's positive Commands, and the rich Presents her Lover made her, woo her Consent so far, as that she yielded to the Match; and so married they were in great Pomp, many of the Court, as well as those of the City being invited to the Wedding, which was kept with great Feasting many Days. Nor were the Wits of the Age wanting to present 'em with Epithalamiums, which were too num-

rous to

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her, rous to insert; let it suffice to give you one.

*Call to the Bridegroom to the Bride,  
Deck'd in all her Beauty's Pride :  
May all the Pleasures, all the Sweets,  
That attend the genial Sheets :  
Hymen's Chains and loving Bands,  
Be now resign'd into your Hands.  
May soft Joys, now you're wed,  
Be the Curtains for your Bed.  
May fair Honour and Delight  
Crown your Day, and bless your Night.  
May your oft repeated Kisses  
Turn to both your happy Blissess.  
And the warm Embrace of Love,  
Be as soft as Venus's Dove.*

*I methought I saw them kindle to Desire,  
While with soft Sighs they blew the Fire :  
Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
He grew more fierce, and she less coy.  
Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
Exchanging Love a thousand Ways :  
Kind was the Force on ev'ry side,  
Her new Desire she cou'd not bide,  
Nor wou'd the Bridegroom be deny'd,  
Till she transported in his Arms,  
Yields to the Cong'rator all her Charms :  
His panting Breast to her's now joyn'd,  
They feast on Raptures unconfin'd.  
And mingle Souls to barbar degree,  
They sink into an Extasy ;*

And like the Phœnix, both expire,  
While from the Ashes of the Fire,

Spring up a new and soft Desire.

Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke  
Love's Pow'rs, and thrice new Vigour took.

### C H A P. II.

*How the Lord Hastings made Smit to her  
to be his Mistress, with the Repulse she  
gave him: And how he praised her  
much to King Edward, that the King  
were disguised to see her, &c.*



**T**HE new Bridegroom having en-  
joyed his charming Bride, grew  
extremely fond of her, even to Doa-

which as it usually happens with married Women, fickned and pauld her Love towards him ; and seem'd to say like Oldan,

*I hate Fruition, now 'tis past ;  
'Tis all but Nastiness at best :  
The homeliest Thing that we can do ;  
Besides, 'tis short and fleeting too :  
A Squirs of slippery Delight,  
That in a Moment takes its Flight :  
A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,  
And makes us Loath what we Enjoy.*

Which he perceiving, and to wind himself, as he thought, the more into her Affections, he cloath'd her very richly, and adorned her with Jewels, denying her nothing that she desired, or he concluded could tend to her Delight and Satisfaction : So that she always appeared Abroad and in her Shop like a terrestrial Angel, which glorious Sight brought Custom to her Husband's shop, and assured many to come to lay out their Money, who otherwise would not have done it. Nor was it long

92 The History of

Lord Hastings had the unwelcome news brought to him, that is fair Jane was married; which however made him not give over his Purpose of enjoying her; so that often he resorted to see her, treating her at Home, and her Husband Abroad; often inviting them both to the Court; and took his Opportunity to pour out his amorous Discourse to the Wife, labouring by many fair Words and Devices to seduce her to transgress her Nuptial vows in defiling her Marriage-bed; but in vain, for being very Witty, and of a jovial and merry Temper, she so baffled him with her quick and sharp Replies, that he cou'd not tell which way to take her, for when he often suppos'd she was the nearest yielding to comply with his Desires, he found her the furthest from it; insomuch that when one time intending to try his utmost Effort, he had thrown her on a Bed in the Room, when they were privately together in her House, she got from him, and run to her Husband, telling him plainly how rude the Lord Hastings had been; which angering the good

good Man, he modestly rebuked him ; forbidding him his House, and his Wife's Conversation ; which made him fling away in a great Heat, resolving in Revenge to raise up such a Rival to Shore, that neither his authority, nor his wife's Chastity should be able to withstand.

This Lord Hastings being Chamberlain to King Edward the Fourth, and a great Favourite, having frequently his Ear, and finding he was much inclin'd to fair Women, tho' he was married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, took an Opportunity to sound in his Ears the Fame of Jane Shore's incomparable Beauty, extolling the Quicknes of her Wit, and the Facetiousness of her Humour, much above that of her excellent Feature's ; which made the King, who was extreamly Wanton and Amorous (his Wars being now entirely ended with the House of Lancaster, and he securely settled on his Throne without a Rival), to give great Attention to Hastings's Discourse of this beautiful Shop-keeper, resolving, by putting himself into a disguise to have a view of this surprizing Beau-

ty himself that his own Eyes might be a Witness of the Truth of what *His* *Kings* had related to him.

The King, whose Thoughts still run on his new-intend'd Mistress; (and was in love already with the Idea he had fram'd of her in his own Imagination) delay'd not long to pay her a Visit; and in order to it, attired himself like a Merchant, and then withdrew privately from the Court, only attended with a Page: and coming into *Shore's* Shop then the richest in Lombard-street, he found Mr. *Shore* (her Husband) attending the Busines of his Shop, and very busie in his own affairs; and so for a little while, tarrying till he was at Leisure, he desir'd to see some Plate, which was presently shewed him and under Pretence of carrying it with him beyond the Seas, soon agreed for a considerable Quantity. But the main Commodity our disguis'd Merchant wanted, was still behind, for the charming Wife kept all this while *incognito*, it being not her Hour to come down into the Shop: which made him very uneasay, delaying

the

time with talking of several Matters transacted in *England*, and beyond the Seas, where he said he had travelled ; for, being a Prince of great Learning, and of a ready Wit, he never wanted a Theme to enlarge upon, but could discourse of most Countries, and the Trade or Commerce held with them ; which much delighted *Shore*, so that he ordered his Man to fetch up a Bottle of his best Wine, and had him to his Withdrawing-Room, where they drank merrily ; the good Man beginning a Health to the King, in which the King you may be sure pledg'd him heartily ; and when some other Healths had passed, *Well*, said the supposed Merchant, *I see you have a good Shop w<sup>th</sup> stor'd w<sup>th</sup> rich Commodities, and a fine House well furnished, at least by what I have seen : But methinks the chiefest Thing of all his commodity wanting still ; and which in my Judgment is still his material, that I wonder such a Man ot all as you can be without it. Pray what's that,*

her Sir, said Mr. *Shore*? *A good Wife, re-*

*shop'd the Royal Merchant, to be the wife*

*of so fair a Mansion ; For I dare*

*the*

say

say that you deserve, and I believe that  
can help you to one that is both Young and  
Beautiful, Rich, and of a very agree-  
able and factious Temper; which in  
marry'd State are Qualifications very de-  
sirable, and that greatly contribute to the  
Happiness of a Man's Life. I am of your  
Opinion, Sir, answer'd Mr. Shore; and  
therefore think myself not a little Happy  
that am bless'd with a Wife every Way  
accomplish'd: However, Sir, I am never  
the less oblig'd to you for your kind Offer.  
But, tho' I say't, continued he, I have  
a Wife that's hardly to be parallel'd, in  
whom all Beauties and Graces meet, and  
yet she is as Virtuous as Fair. I grant,  
reply'd the Love-sick Merchant, you are  
very happy in having such a Jewel. But  
Sir, conain'd he, may not I see this  
Wonder of the World, (for such she doubt-  
less is, that is so divinely accomplish'd) him as my  
that I may make her a small Present, in my reso-  
lution to shew the Homage that I pay to Virtue by her;  
Yes, Sir, replies the Goldsmith, she shall come cur-  
be at your Service presently. And thereupon refused  
upon order'd one of his Servants to tell a stranger,  
her that he'd speak with her immediately, or to flig-

ly. And thereupon she came into the back Room to him, attir'd in a Sky-colour'd Morning gown, flower'd with Gold, and embroider'd with Pearls and Spangles, her Head Attire being curious Lace, under which her bright Hair flow'd, wantoning with the sporting Air, and her Blushes upon her Approach made her yet more lovely to behold.

The King no sooner saw the Object of his Heart's Desire, but he stept forth and saluted her soft Coral Lips, impressing on them many balmy Kisses ; and so by her Husband's Desire she sat down, and the King drank to her, she pledg'd him, and pass'd it to her Husband : And much pleasant Discourse pass'd, by which the King perceiv'd her not only of a merry free Temper, but also exceeding Witty, which delighted him as much as her Beauty, and made him resolve at any Rate he would enjoy her ; and so presenting her with some curious Things which she modestly refused, as Presents too great for a stranger, till her Husband desir'd her not to slight the Gentleman's Civility ;

the King pulling out his Gold, and paying for his Plate, which Shore would have sent Home, but he refused it ; ordering his Page to carry it ; and with many sweet Kisses, and some amorous Whispers, he took leave at that time of the charming fair One.

VVell of his Gold might be be lavish here,  
For Beauty never cou'd be bought too dear :  
For Plate he paid his Gold, but fix'd his Eyes  
Up n a Treasure he far more did prize.  
And yet whare're he sent away, we find  
He left his chiefest Jewel still behind.  
Yet be the best VVay took, when all is done,  
For 'tis by Gold the greatest Beauty's won :  
And tho' as yet, he had no Conquest made,  
She to his Arms soon after was betray'd.

## C H A P. III.

How she warned her Husband of the Danger : How Mrs. Blague sollicited the King's Love to her, carrying her to Court, where, upon dancing w<sup>t</sup>ch the King in a Mask, he put a Letter into her Hand, and discover'd who he was that had courted her in Disguise.



H A

The King was no sooner departed, but the beauteous Mrs. Shore ask'd her Husband if he was acquainted with this Gentleman, that had been so liberal to her ; and desired to know who he was ? Her Husband answer'd, that he never saw him before, but that

F 2

he

he told him he was a Merchant, but he knew him not : Ah, said his Wife, and shook her Head, (who having a more discerning Eye than her Husband, saw something in his Eyes and Mein that was not common.) My Dear, his airy Countenance, and graceful Carriage, shews him to be something more : I rather take him for some great Lord in Disguise, that will prove troublesome to me upon the Account of requiring my Love, as some before have done ; therefore, sweet Husband, let me beg of you, as you tender my Chastity, and your own Quiet, if he comes again, as I believe he will, and ask for me, that you do not let him know I am at Home, but rather tell him, that I am sick, and gone into the Country : or any thing you think most probable to put him off, that he may come no more.

The good Man was high pleased with his Wife's Virtue and Prudence in this Matter ; and promised to do what she requir'd. She was also giving him some further Cautions to be us'd in such

such kind of Customers, but People coming in about Business, retired.

The King being gone back to the Court, where he had been missed, and much enquired for, soon changed his Apparel, and came amongst his Nobles with a very chearful Countenance; and though others were ignorant, Hastings well perceived where he had been, and the Satisfaction he had receiv'd; and no sooner were they in private, but the King said, Well, Hastings, I perceive thou hast good Judgment in fine Women: I have seen Shore's Wife, and she exceeds the Praises that you gave her, though I then thought them very levish. I like her so well, that come what will, I must enjoy her, though I have made but a little Progress in my Love: But the great Thing that lies before me now, is to have your Advice how I shall bring my Purpose to an Issue: To court her in her Husband's Presence, as a private Person, I shall be served as you were; and then to do it as a King, will look too low for me; so force her from his

Arms I will not, for it vwould cause a Murmuring among my Subjects, & who vwould fear the like by their Wives or Daughters; but I must have her, and vwith her ovvn Consent, for Love constrained, carries no Pleasure nor Charms in it; therefore how this last may be attained, do you devise.

The Lord Hastings no sooner heard what the King determined last, but smiling said, Take no great Care, for this shall be easy to your Highness; there is one Mrs. Blague, your Lace-woman, has a House near to Shore's, and is very intimate vwith his fair Wife, and thither she often resorts to pass the Evening away; this Person is a woman of infinite Intrigue, and of so damn'd and covetous a Temper, that a Purse of Gold vwould win her to do any Thing; nay even to debauch her own Daughter: I dare promise he vwill quickly find out Ways and Means to bring her to your Lute; I vwill engage her, if your Highness so pleases, in this Matter; for there is no Spring so sure a Taker in Love.

Affairs

## JANE SHORE.

Affairs as to set one Woman to vrake  
and betray another. The King li-  
ked this Device; and it was agreed that  
he should see her at Mrs. Blague's House,  
and have Freedom to court her; but she  
should not know he was the King, till  
he was pleased it should be discovered.

The Lord Hastings was not slow in  
promoting his Master's Happiness, who  
had so highly favoured him, but soon  
with Gifts and large Promises made the  
covetous Lace-woman pliable, to do in  
this Affair, whatever was desired; so  
that many Meetings were had at her  
House, and splendid Treats made, the  
King still coming as her Friend in Dis-  
guise, but although she left the lovely  
Jane sometimes on purpose alone with  
him, and retired, and he courted her  
with all his Rhetorick, yet she appear-  
ed averse to yield to his Love, often  
blaming him sharply for proposing such  
an immodest Thing to her, as to defile  
her Marriage-bed; and when he took  
his Leave, she very much chid Mrs.  
Blague for suffering so rude and so de-  
bauch'd a Gentleman to come into her

House, telling her the Design he had up, on her Chastity; who seem'd to wonder at it, as altogether ignorant, protest-  
ing she had not thought it in him, but intreated her to be at Ease, and make no Words of it for she would suffer him to come there no more: This pacified her; but the Plot being further laid for her Ruin, in *Christmas* time she got Leave of Mr. Shore that his Wife should accompany her to the Court, to see the Balls and Masks there, which he con-  
sented to, with some Unwillingness; and being introduced, after many had danced to the melodious Musick, one Man of a comely Port enter'd, shining in Gold and Jewels, with a Mask on; upon which Mrs. Shore heard the La-  
dies whisper, *That's the King*; who, looking round through his Mask, fix-  
ed his Eyes on her, and immediately stepped to her Seat, and took her out to Dance with him; at which she blushed and trembled, but being in a strange Place, not to be unmannerly, she com-  
plied, and performed her Part to Admi-  
ration; which ended, taking her to a

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Side light, pulling off his Mask to salute her, she to her great Amazement, perceiv'd it was the same Man, who had entertained her at her Shop, and at Mrs. Blague's House : when putting a Letter into her Hand, he retired. And she in much Confusion, coming to Mrs. Blague, intricated her she would go home; who having effected what she came for, willingly consented ; and as she return'd plainly told her, that Man was the King, and deeply in love with her; when reading the Letter, they found no more in it than this :

Fairest of Women !

*T*He Fame of your charming Beauty made me put on the Disguise of a Merchant, to get a Sight of you ; and the Sight of you has put my Heart into such a Flame, that nothing but enjoying you, will ever be able to quench it. It is your King that is your Supplicant, and begs you wou'd be kind to him : He that can command, is willing to intreat, and therefore surely you will not prove inexorable. And if you will take pity on your King, send one kind Letter

to him, which he'll receive with greater Joy than if another Crown was offered him. For he esteems your Beauty and good Humour far above all the shining Ladies of the Court. And further does assure you, that whatsoever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage, by

Edward, Rex.

When she had read this Letter, she was much disturbed; and could not forbear, saying, Ah! Mrs. Blague, I could not have believed, that you would have brought me into such a Premunire, as now you see I am in: To which Mrs. Blague very pertly answered, I see no Premunire at all; 'tis an Honour to be belived by a Kin:? And does he not promise you, That whatever you shall lose for his sake, shall be made up to you with Advantage? And then where can be the Damag:? You talk very strangely, reply'd Mrs. Shore; Does he not design the robbin: me of my Chastity? And can any thing be a Compensation

sation for the Loss of one's Virtue ? When that's once gone, it cannot be made good again : For that's a Jewel, which when once sullied, can never be restored to its first native Brightness. Marry, says Mrs. Blague, I think you make a great deal to do more than needs ; if he would accept of me in your Room, I should be very glad to take your Place. They say the Crown takes away all Stains ; and I don't know why the Love of a King should not take away all Reproach from the Person below'd. And therefore pray be advis'd to write a kind Letter to the King ; come, he'll take it well. I'll advise with my Pillow, said she ; and so went Home.

## C H A P. IV.

*How, by the Persuasion of Mrs. Blague,  
she writ a Letter to the King, and after-  
wards comply'd with the King's Desire,  
and suffer'd him to enjoy her privately,  
going for her Husband under Pretext  
of seeing her Mother, &c.*



**A**LL the Night following Mrs. Blague grew restless and uneasy; her Husband enquired the Cause, but could not learn it, though he found in the Morning some Tears had bedewed her fair Cheeks; as soon as she was up; she went to Mrs. Blague, to consult what

what she must do in this Streight, as well-knowing the King's Humour, that he never spared any Woman in his Lust, nor Man in his Anger ; and therefore if she complied not, he would compel her to his Bed ; and then perhaps, for her Sullenness in not freely yielding, he having satisfied his Appetite, might punish her, and make her a publick Shame, to the Ruin of herself and Relations.

Mrs Blague seeing her thus pensive and doubtful, with a betraying Smile, said, Come, come, my dear Jane, you must be no longer coy, nor deny the King his Request ; a Royal Mistress stands so high, that no Figure dares point at her, or Tongue revile her : You will glitter so near a Throne, and enjoy so gallant a Bedfellow, that I'll warrant, my Child, you will never have cause to repent of leaving a dull Husband for so advantagious a Change. I find he is resolv'd to have you for a Mistress ; and therefore it's best for you willingly to submit to be so highly exalted ; which will be very pleasing to him.

him. And therefore pray write him a kind Letter presently. Which, at Mrs. Blague's Persuasion, she did in these Words:

Royal Sir,

I was much surpriz'd at the Contents of your Letter, and am altogether ignorant of my putting your Heart into such a Flame as you speak of. But if it should be so, it was a Sin of Ignorance, and I am willing to do any Penance for committing it: Tho' I believe you may have a more suitable Remedy nearer hand, some of those shining Ladies that you mention in your Letter being far more capable of quenching that Flame, than, may it please your Highness,

Your most dutiful

Subject and Servant,

Jane Shore.

Mrs. Blague said this Letter was not kind enough, but Mrs. Shore wou'd not alter it. Mrs. Blague then went with it to the King, and give him an Account of

## JANE SHORE. III

of her Proceedings with Mrs. Shore, and what she had brought her to. And then told the King, That if he would please to send his Chariot the next Night, she would bring her to his Arms. The King commended and rewarded her, and promis'd his Chariot should be ready for her. Mrs. Blague came back, and tells Mrs. Shore, the King would take no Denial, but would send his Chariot for her to morrow Night.

At this Discourse, Mrs. Shore trembled ; yet considering from the many Attempts her Beauty had caus'd, it was not made to be enjoy'd by one ; and having an ambitious Mind, in a fatal Hour the Counsel of Mrs. Blague prevailed ; And it was agreed that very Night she should take her best Apparel and jewels, and put herself into the King's kind Arms, without any more Formality, or ceremonious Denials.

This being concluded, Mrs. Blague immediately sent the King Notice of her Success ; who was not slow at the appointed Time to send his Chariot for them : And in the mean while her Cloaths

Cloaths were convey'd to Mrs. Blague's. However, she supp'd with her Husband, kindly kiss'd him, and dropt some Tears, when on a sudden, one came of a feign'd Errand, to tell her, her Mother was taken ill, and must needs speak with her ; he would have gone with her, but she put it off ; and so giving him the last Kiss, he ever receiv'd from her fair Lips, with Tears in her Eyes, she left him ; and coming where the Chariot stood ready, having put on her glorious Apparel, she and Mrs. Blague got into it, and were convey'd to the King's secret Apartment, where they found him in his Closet ; he rais'd his Mistress, who upon her Approach kneel'd, kindly kill'd her, and welcom'd her with many Varieties ; but it being late, and Mrs. Blague having deliver'd up this Treasure of Beauty into her Monarch's arms, left them in the Temple of *Venus* to enjoy those mutual Blisses they had been so long pursuing. —

*But, O the Raptures of that Night !  
What fierce Convulsions of Delight !*

*Hon*

How in each others Arms involv'd,  
They lay confounded and dissolv'd !  
Bodies mingled, Sexes blending,  
Which shou'd most be lost cont'ning :  
Darting fierce and flaming Kisses,  
Plunging into boundless Blisses.

Shore at the first was coy, and hard to win,  
With artful Courting play'd the modest Part ;  
But soon as once she had engag'd itb' in Sin,  
O how she bugg'd the charming tingling Dart !  
And then cry'd, Nearer nearer to my Heart.  
For you are Sovereign now all within.

But let me not envy her, nor her present Joys, but prosecute her Story ; and we shall quickly see at what a dear Rate she purchas'd 'em.

## C H A P. V.

*Mr. Shore's Uneasiness at his Wife's tarrying out : He and her Parents make a particular, tho' fruitless Search after her ; and giving her over for lost, they mourn and lament.*



**W**HAT Pleasure soever Mrs. Shore took in the King's unlawful Embraces, yet her Husband sat at Home full of Sorrow ; wondering what extraordinary Accident had detain'd her beyond her usual Hour ; or what unforeseen Adventure she had met withal. At last he went to her Mother's, to see what

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what the Matter was she staid so long but was extreamly surpriz'd to find she had not been there all the Day ; nor was her Mother ill, nor had she sent for her, as Mrs. Shore pretended. This put him to so great a Nonplus, that he knew not what to think, nor cou'd he in the least imagine what should become of her. A Thousand strange Imaginations crowded into his Head, and thrust out one another : Sometimes he thought that Mischief had befallen her ; and then began with bitter Lamentations to lament her dismal and unhappy Fate. But then, because she made such a false Story as an Excuse to go abroad, he thought there must be something in it of Design, which was not good : And then his Head began to ach, and he imagin'd that he felt some Buddings out of Horns already in his Forehead : But then rememb'ring her modest and her chaste Deportment, he check'd himself for letting such a Thought harbour one Moment in his troubled Breast. No, no, said he, dear Jane, I know not how to think one Thought of thee that is not good ;

good; Virtue herself may sooner go astray, than I can think thou in a Thought canst err. Forgive me therefore that I but suspect thee; it is a fault I know not how to expiate: Were I but half so sure that thou art. Well, as that thou art good, religious, chaste and virtuous, I shou'd then be the happiest Man alive. Wherefore thou art, I ne'er shall rest, until I have thee circled in my Arms. I am afraid that to avoid Temptations, thou hast withdrawn thyself into Nunnery, there to give up thyself to thy Devotions, because the world w<sup>n</sup>t worth of thy Company: Yes, yes, cry'd he, just like a Man distract, I know it must be so, thou cou'dst not else be absent from thy Husband for a Moment. But be thou when thou wilt, I'll find thee out, and when I have found thee, we'll ne'er part again.

Thus the poor Man pass'd the sad Night away; whilst her Relations were as much concern'd as he: Her Father and her Mother were afraid some Violence might have been offer'd to her; her matchless Beauty having oft attracted the Eyes and Hearts of those that gaz'd upon her. There was not one

they knew she was acquainted with, but they went thither, hoping they might find her ; and Mrs. Blague among the rest was visited, to know if she cou'd tell what was become of her. But the dissembling Hag protested solemnly she had not seen her for two Days before, and shed some Tears, to make her Friends believe how much she was concern'd that she was missing.

But after all their Search had been in vain, and they could hear no Tydings of their Daughter, they seemed to be even swallow'd up with Grief, esp.cially when they beheld their Son-in-law inconsolable ; *Alas, said they, What Sorrow's like to this, to have our only Child thus strangely lost, we know not how nor where ? Death wou'd have been by far much more eligible ; we should have then known what became of her ; but now were left so wild uncertain Guesses : Ah ! dearest Child ! who knows what thou mayst suffer, because thou'l not comply to satisfy the Lust of barbarous Ravishers.*

O that we ne'er had liv'd to see this Day,  
Or that thou ne'er hadst thus been snatch'd away.

Thus

Thus did her wretched Parents echo each others Griefs in Lamentation, because they knew not what could be become of her.

## C H A P. VI.

*How her Husband and her Parents came to know that Jane Shore was with the King in the Quality of his Concubine; And how, for very Grief and Shame, her Husband sold off all he had, and went beyond Sea; with an Account of his Return into England many Years afterwards, and his Tragical End.*



I T was now almost a week that Mrs. Shore had conceal'd at Court,

(and

(and was in the mean time given over  
for lost by her Husband and her Parents)  
when the News of her being the King's  
Concubine, had taken Air, and made a  
great Noise in the City; and too soon  
arriv'd to her poor Husband's and her  
Relations Ears: For they had both  
much rather never heard of her at all,  
and that she had been lost for ever, than  
to have found her there. Had she been  
took away by any else, there had been  
hopes of getting her again. But now  
she was in such a Palace, that twas a-  
bove their Reach to take her thence.  
They knew the King was violent in all  
his Passions; especially his Love and his  
Ambition; and more especially the first;  
of which there could not be a greater  
Instance, than in his marrying of the  
Queen; for tho' he had sent *Nevil*, the  
great Earl of *Warwick*, (that made and  
unmade Kings at his own Pleasure) into  
*France*, there to propose a match betwixt  
him and the Lady *Bona*, the *French*  
King's Daughter, which was agreed to,  
and concluded, almost as soon as 'twas  
propos'd; yet having in the mean time  
seen

seen and lik'd the Widow of Sir John  
Gray, (who was slain in the Battle  
of St. Albans, as he was fighting for  
King Edward's Rival, Henry the Sixth)  
and not being able to obtain Enjoyment  
on any other Terms than that of Mar-  
riage ; he took her for his Queen, and  
marry'd her ; and rather chose to dis-  
oblige his best and greatest Friends, and  
run the Hazard of his Crown itself, than  
to deny himself the Satisfaction of ha-  
ving her whom he had such a Fancy  
for : And therefore they consider'd how  
dangerous a thing 'twould be for them  
to shew the least Resentment, tho' for  
so great an Injury, as that of ravishing  
a Wife and Daughter from them. And  
that which was more grievous to 'em  
yet, they found that she herself was  
pleas'd with what she'd done ; in ma-  
king such a voluntary Eloement from  
her Husband. And seeing she had thus  
lost all her Virtue, what was there in  
her now worth the regarding ? The  
Thoughts of this so troubled her poor  
afflicted Husband, who so much de-  
pend'd on her Virtue, that Shame am-

Gri

Grief confounded him; he scarce knew what he either said or did; nor would he see, or yet be seen of any, if he at all could help it: He thought each Man that saw him pointed at him; nor could one lift a Finger up before him, but he strait thought that they made Horns at him. All Day he'd shut himself up in his Chamber, and sigh away his melancholy Hours, and curse the time he e're saw *Wainstead's Daughter*. But when at last he found a Means to send to his false Wife, and saw she slighted him, and would not once vouchsafe to come and see him, nor suffer him to come and see her there, he e'en resolv'd to go abroad and travel; and, if he could, forget he e'er had seen her. And therefore selling off his Goods and Household-stuff, and turning all his Plate into Broad Gold (for then there was no Guineas) he left this hated Land of his Nativity, and took a Tour to *Flanders*, *France* and *Spain*, thence to *Morocco*, and from thence to *Turkey*; finding, as he imagin'd, far more Kindness amongst the *Turks* and *Infidels*, than he had

found in *England* : And 'twas not without Reason that he thought so, as the *Scual* made it good : For, after a long Tract of Time, and travelling from one Place to another, had cur'd him of his Melancholy, and eas'd him of his Money, he turned back again to *London*, King *Henry* the Seventh having then Iway'd the Scepter many Years ; and his Wife having miserably perish'd long before, and the remembrance of her almost quite forgotten ; so that he now became as great a Stranger here, as he had been before in foreign Parts. Here therefore he resolv'd again to settle, and privately to work at his own Calling, but having been us'd to live high, and his Pockets being now grown low, no Work would not recruit him fast enough ; he therefore thought upon speedier Way, which was to file and clip off Gold from those Broad Piecs, which went then in Current Payment, but he made more Haste than good Speed, for being taken in the Fact, he was committed to Prison ; and afterwards his Wife try'd and executed for the same at *Th*

with *burn*; where he concluded his Tragedy.  
is the And tho' this unfortunate Man justly  
long suffer'd the Law, in the Reign of King  
Henry the Seventh, yet it may without  
any Injustice be said, That he was mur-  
der'd by King Edward the Fourth, who  
by enticing away his Wife, brought in-  
the inevitable Ruin and Destruction on him  
and his Family. And thus we find there  
is a Tide in the Affairs of Men; whilst  
when at the Flood, lead on to Fortune;  
but if that be neglected, all the long  
Voyage of their following Life, they're  
bound in Shallows and in Miseries.

Since ev'ry Man who lives is born to die,  
And none can boast sincere Felicity;  
With equal Mind let us what happens bear,  
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things  
[beyond our Care]  
Like Pilgrims to the appointed Place we tend,  
The World's an Inn, and Death's the Four-  
ney's End.

But now 'tis high time to look after  
his Wife, and see what became of her.

## C H A P. VII.

*How Jane Shore liv'd in great Splendour at Court, during the Reign of Edward the Fourth.*



**H**ere is nothing so bewitching and so apt to draw away our Hearts and Affections from the Consideration of Eternity, and the Things of another Life, as the Pomp and Vanity of this present World; The Splendor of King Edward's Court, and the great Fortune he made there, by means of his extraordinary Countenance and Favo-

which King Edward shew'd her, with  
the Crouds of Petitioners and Flatterers  
wherewith she was always attended,  
made her forget her disconfo'late Hus-  
band, and the Sighs and Tears of her  
Parents, who would have rather seen  
her Vertuous than Great: 'Tis true, she  
ever abus'd the Power she had with  
the King to the Prejudice of any, and  
was always a Friend to the Poor, and  
those that were in Affliction and Di-  
sress; and was so ready to do Good,  
that when his Courtiers durst not inter-  
ced for such as lay under the King's  
Displeasure, she with her ready Wit  
and merry Humour, would so abate  
the Anger, that she oft-times has sav'd  
Lives both of the Rich and Poor,  
and would always be a Shelter to those  
who were oppres'd by the exorbitant  
Power of them that were Great: She  
was easie of Acces to the Poor, and so  
anitred from a mercenary Spirit, that she  
never sold her Favour, but would freely  
bestow any Kindness that lay in her Pow-  
er for any; righting many that were  
wrong'd, but never wronging or op-  
pressing

pressing any; which made her generally kindly  
belov'd by the common People. And so the  
often when the King had been offend'd or rous'd  
with his Officers and Servants, she by her witty  
and facetious Carriage with the King, would oft drive the Storm  
which otherwise would have power'd down upon 'em. So that her very En-  
emies would say, 'Twas pity that she was a  
*Whore*; and that she was indeed; that  
was the Stain that clouded all her Glory,  
and blemished all the Goodness which  
she had, or Good she did, and sapp'd  
the Foundation of her Happiness: And  
yet methinks I can't but grieve to think  
her Life should at the last be clos'd by  
such a sad Catastrophe: For when she  
went on Progress with the King, she  
frequently would send for all the Poor  
and still proportion her Relief to their  
Necessities: Nor would she only by her  
self relieve 'em: but if she knew of any  
that with the King, expected some good  
Offices from her on that Account, altho'  
she herself was never Mercenary, yet  
she would put 'em upon being charitable  
to the Poor, and if they did expec-

King

Kindness from her, they should be good; to them. And this indeed was very dangerous in her.

But notwithstanding all her Charity and Goodness, she was not without Enemies at Court; for there were Ladies there that envy'd her Favour with the King, and were not willing it should be engros'd so much by her, that they could have no Share in't; and therefore oftentimes would rally her, but still were baffl'd in their vain Attempts: For she had always such a pregnant Wit, and was so ready at her Repartees, that they could never get the better of her. And tho' King Edward had another Mistress before her, which he still kept, namely the Lady Beaufort, yet Shore had always the Ascendant of her. Beaufort pretended hugely to Religion (which sits but very awkward on a Whore) but Shore was always mighty brisk and merry; which made King Edward often joaking say, I have two Mistresses of very different Tempers; one is the most religious, and the other the most merry of any one in England; and I must

must needs say, *Shore* was in the right, on't ; for *Bessley* wou'd ha' done much better, either to have left her Whoring off, or laid by her Religion ; because them too seldom agree together. And I believe King *Edward* thought so too, and therefore *shore* had still the chiefest Place in his Affection ; which always made her have such Crowds of Visitors, both at her Chamber door, when in the Court ; and at her Chariot-side, when e'er she rid abroad ; whose Suits she still preferr'd according to the utmost of her Power, respecting the Justice of their Cause. And here it will not be amiss to mention (for a Reason you shall know anon) how kind she was to Mrs. *Blague*, for whom she had procured of the King a stately House and Manor of 200*l.* a Year. But how well she did deserve it, we may hear hereafter. In a Word, we cannot do Justice to Mrs. *Jane Shore*, without granting that she was of a free, generous, and grateful Temper ; and that she improv'd her Interest with the King for the Benefit of all that stood in need

of it, and to the Prejudice of none but those that sought to oppress and tyrannize over their Neighbours, for before she espous'd any Cause, she examin'd the Matter, and always took the justest Side.

Thus liv'd Jane Shore for some Years in the midst of earthly Delights, and Worldly Grandeur. But, alas! there's nothing stable nor fix'd under the Sun; King's, tho' they are earthly Gods must die like Men; for they are made of the same mouldering Clay with other Mortals; of which King Edward was to Jane Shore too sad an Instance: For he dying at Westminster, in the fortieth Year of his Age and twenty third of his Reign, was buried at Windsor in a Chappel of his own Founding; leaving behind him two young Princes, to wit, Edward the Fifth, King of England, though never crowned, and Richard Duke of York his Brother, and five Daughters. King Edward being dead, the Lord Hastings sent and took Jane Shore (whom he courted before King Edward knew her) to his own Bed, keeping her as his

Concubine. And *Sher* thought it (after the King's Death) the greatest Honour she could then aspire to ; besides, she thought the Lord would be a Shelter to her, from the Anger of the Queen, and of other Ladies at the Court, who bore no great Affection to her in King Edward's Days, because she engross'd so much of his Favour. But the Lord *Hastings* was so far from being able to protect *Jane Shore*, that he could not long protect himself : For crook-back *Richard*, Duke of Gloucester, Brother to the deceas'd King, having laid a wicked design to put the Crown upon his own Head, and to destroy his own Nephews ; endeavour'd to bring in as many of the Nobility to his Party as he could, and the Lord *Hastings* being one that had a great Influence at Court, having been in high Favour with King Edward the Fourth, and Lord Chamberlain to the young King, the Duke had a great Mind to bring him over to his Party : But fearing to disclose his Mind openly to him, he made large Promises, and gave great Rewards.

one *Catesby*, a Favourite of the Lord *Hastings*, by secret and dark Discourses to sound him, and if possible to bring him over to his Side. This *Catesby* undertook to do; and finding (after he had done all that he could) that the Lord *Hastings* was no way inclinable to favour *Gloucester's* Design, he told him of it; and tho' he had been maintain'd by the Lord *Hastings*, and his Fortune rais'd to what it was by him, yet he prov'd so base and treacherous to him, that he encourag'd *Gloucester* to remove *Hastings* out of the World, if ever he intended to compass his Design. This being resolv'd upon by them two, he call'd a Grand Council of Lords at the *Tower*, to consider of suitable Preparations for the Coronation; and when they had sat a considerable time, he came in and took his Chair, Jesting with some of them, and excusing his too long Stay: requesting of Dr. *Morton* Bishop of *Ely*, some Strawberries that grew in his Garden at *Holborn*; which he immediately sent for; and took it as a Favour that the Protector was so kind

152 The History of

to him, as to put it into his Power to oblige him in any thing, for there had been formerly no good Understanding between them two. Then taking some Excuse for a short Absence, he desired them to proceed in the Method propos'd. And about an Hour after, he came in again, and took his Chair, but with a Countenance full of Anger and Resentment, frowning, biting his Lip, and knitting his Brows, and shewing all the Signs of one in an extraordinary Passion; which strangely amaz'd all the Council, so that they kept a profound Silence; which the Protector (for so had the Duke of Gloucester lately been made) perceiving, demanded what Punishment they deserved who had wickedly procured his Destruction, he being Uncle to, and Protector of the King? This Question amazed them more than before; but all knowing themselves innocent of any such Intention, the Lord Hastings, who by reason of the antient Friendship that had been between them, thought he might be the bolder, reply'd, *My Lord, such as have so trans-*

*grossly*  
*My Lord,*

gressed, deserve the severest Punishment  
the Law can inflict, to which the other  
Lords assented. Then, said the Protec-  
tor, that Sorceress (meaning the Queen)  
and Jane Shore have conspir'd by Witch-  
craft to destroy me : And then drawing  
up his Sleeve, he shew'd his Arm, which  
had been wasted from his Infancy, (as  
they all knew well enough) as a Testi-  
mony of what he had said ; bidding  
them behold how there Charms had  
begun already to take Effect on him.  
Hereupon the Lord Hastings, who (as  
has been already said) had taken Jane  
Shore to his Bed, thinking to excuse  
her, said, My Lord, if they have done  
so, they deserve Punishment. Thou  
Treytor, reply'd the Protector, servest  
thou me with Ifs and Ands : I tell thee  
they have done it : and that will I make  
good upon thy Body : And so, striking his  
Fist upon the Table, the Room was  
presently fill'd with armed Men, one  
of which struck at the Lord Stanley,  
and as nimble as he was to sink under  
the Table, grievously wounded him on  
the Head ; and then the Protector him-  
self

724 The History of

self arrested the Lord Hastings, bidding him make haste to Shrive himself; as by St. Paul, (which was his usual Oath) he would neither eat nor drink till his Head was off, and so being led out into the Green within the Tower; he was there beheaded on a Log, without staying for the Formality of a Scaffold.

And here I cannot but take Notice how eminently the Hand of Divine Justice was exemplify'd in the unjust Execution of this Lord: Who having so far join'd with the Duke of Gloucester, as to be aiding in, and privy to, the Execution of the Queen's Father, the Lord Rivers, and the rest of her Relations, who were by his Contrivance beheaded at Peepstool, on that very Day on which, by the Contrivance of Gloucester, himself was beheaded in the Tower: So certain does Sin and Guilt dodge Men to Destruction.

CHAP.

How Jane Shore convey'd her Jewels to  
Mrs. Blague's, who cheated her of them  
all : And how she was persecuted by King  
Richard the Third, who caused her to  
do Penance in the open Street.



THE sudden and tragical Fate of  
the Lord Hastings was a suffi-  
cient Premonition or Warning to Jane  
Shore,

Shore, of the Storm that was now falling upon her own Head ; and therefore she thought it but a prudent Piece of Conduct to make some timely Provision for herself. The Protector had already declar'd himself against her ; and *Hastings*, upon whom, after King Edward's Death, her greatest Hopes had been placed, had now lost his Life, for buri'ndevaking to vindicate her ; and therefore she pack'd up all her Jewels, and her rich Garments, and all the best of her Things, and brought them to Mrs. Blague's, telling her, That she saw a Storm a coming, and therefore thought it was best to provide against it ; and that as she had serv'd her in King Edward's Reign, she did not doubt but she would be as kind to her now, in securing for her her Jewels, and other rich Things, which therefore she had now brought with her, to put into her Hands, as a Place of Security, that she might have 'em ready against a Time of Need.

Mrs. Blague seem'd to commiserate her Condition very much, telling her

She was very sorry to see such a sad Turn of the Times ; and that little Good could be expected from such a bloody Monster as the Protector ; but whatever she left in her Hands, she might depend upon't, should be very safe ; and that herself and all she had, should be always welcome to her House ; for she should never forget the Kindness she had shew'd her, when she was in Power, with several other large Protestations of an entire Friendship and Fidelity. This designing Hypocrite, Mrs. Blayne, (who was the first Authoress and Caule of this poor Gentlewoman's Ruin, by first persuading, and afterwards betraying her into the Embraces of King Edward) having by her fair Speeches got all her Jewels, Plate, and Cloaths, into her Hands, did in the Time of her Affliction and Distress, which followed shortly after, treat her with the most barbarous Usage that ever Woman met with ; for coming to her, when all she had was seiz'd on by King Richard's order, and desiring to have some of her Jewels to make a little Money on, she not only de-

deny'd that ever she receiv'd any of her, but call'd her filthy Strumpet, Whore, and Cheat ; asking her if she came to put Tricks upon her ; With other base opprobrious Speeches ; and threatening that she'd have her whipt, if ever she came there again, thrusting her out of Doors, without so much as giving her a Piece of Bread, altho' she begg'd it of her. And certainly to one of such a generous Temper as Jane had been, nothing could make a greater or more deep Impression, than such a barbarous Treatment : I cannot therefore blame her, when she afterwards gave to King Richard's officers, upon her being examined where 'twas she had disposed her Jewels, and other Things, a true Account where they were all disposed : upon which they immediately repaired to Mrs. Blagges's, demanding them of her : But she serv'd them as she had done Jane Shore, denied that she ever had them, alledging, that they never were brought to her, and therefore desired them to trouble her no further. Which Answer, thought it was Jane Shore

*Shore* could get, yet the King's Officers would not be satisfy'd so : But having Power on their side, they enter'd in and search'd the House, and breaking open all her Trunks and Drawers, and finding of them by that means, they made it Crime enough in her to have deny'd them ; and therefore as an Accomplice of *Jane Shore*, they clear'd the House of all that e'er she had, and seizing upon her Estate besides, left her almost as miserable as they had made *Jane Shore* : And then her Conscience brought to mind her black Ingratitude, which made her sufferings appear Just and Right, and which she had so very well deserv'd.

*Ingratitude's the Grav'th of every Crime,*  
*And of all Sins, the most accursed Crime :*  
*For who can think that Human Nature can,*  
*Breed such a Monster as th' ungrateful Man :*  
*VVho does against his Benefactor sin,*  
*Least Men should think he basiliard hem,*  
*On Him his Friend still loses all his Cost ;*  
*For ev'ry Favour shew'd to him is lost ;*  
*Nay, more than that, which is a greater Shame :*  
*'Tis not only lost, but he forgets the same :*  
*Nay, does for Kindness, Spice and Mischief hem,*  
*VVich is the greatest Height the Devil can go.*

But I'll no more enlarge upon this Plague,  
But wish all such be serv'd as Mrs. Blague.

But to return from this Digression, the Duke of Gloucester having pretended that Jane Shore was engag'd in a Plot against him, that he might the better hide the Plot himself had laid against his two innocent Nephews and the Crown, sent his Officers to the Lord Hastings's House to search for her ; where she was but newly come back from carrying her bad Things to Mrs Blague's, as has been before related ; and having seized her, and stript her of all she had, he caused her to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, where by a special Order from his Highness, she was adjudged to do Penance for her notorious Adultries committed with King Edward the Fourth, and afterwards with the Lord Hastings, with whom she had also plotted the Destruction of his Highness the Lord Protector of the King and Kingdom, and this Penance that she was to perform, was done in this manner : She was stript of all her Apparel,

having only on her Smock, and over that a white Sheet, and in one Hand a lighted Taper of Wax, and in the other a Cross; in which Posture she walked bare-legg'd and bare-foot, all through Cheapside and Lombard-street, with a Crowd of People to behold her; she looking so very lovely and charming, even in this penitent Dress, that she was belov'd by some, and pitied by others, and her hard Fate lamented by all; except such as had engaged in Richard's accursed Designs: This publick Penance of hers at that Time being enjoyed her, not so much as a Punishment for her Sins, as to amuse the Minds of the People, that they might not busy themselves about those secret and treasonable Designs that were carrying on at Court, for the Destruction of the youngest King and his Brother, and the setting the Crown upon that Monster's Head, which soon after follow'd.

And therefore it was not enough that Jane Shore was thus forced to do publick Penance, but the Tyrant immediately

ately puts forth a severe Proclamation against her, imploring, That whereas it was notoriously known, that Jane Shore had for several Years liv'd in open Adultery with the late King Edward, to the high Dishonour of Almighty God, and to the Shame and Reproach of Honesty and Virtue, and to the great Grief of all good Christians, and to the Impoverishment of the King and Realm, and the diminishing of the Revenues of the Crown, which she at her Pleasure bestow'd and lavish'd away, by enriching her own Friends and Relations, contrary to the Laws of the Land: It was therefore declar'd, That where ever any such Money, Plate, Jewels or Things were given away by her, it should be forthwith seize'd again to the King's Use: And further, That as a just Punishment for those notorious Crimes, and also for engaging with the late Lord Hastings and Others, by Secrecy and Witchcraft to take away the Life of the Right Noble and Illustrious Richard Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the King and Kingdom, that they might the better compass their Ends upon the Young King and his Royal Brother,

it was thereby strictly prohibited to all Persons whatsoever, on Pain of Death and Confiscation of all their Goods and Chattles, neither to harbour her, the said Jane Shore, to their Houses, nor to relieve her with Food or Rayment.

This was a home Stroke indeed, and it would have been more Charity to have taken and hang'd her than thus to have condemn'd her to starve alive, which was the Design of this cruel Proclamation. So that the poor and miserable Woman was forced to wander up and down in a miserable and disconsolate manner, seeking in Fields and Hedges for Food to sustain her Life; and when they would afford her none, she would then search the Dunghills, where (when she was known to come) some Bones with more Meat than usual, would be thrown on purpose for her by some that pity'd her, but durst not be seen to relieve her. And yet in this poor Condition the miserable Wretch liv'd for some time, through the secret Charity of well disposed Persons.

But after this, wicked Duke of Gloucester,

ester, had so far carry'd his Point, that he was crowned King, and had caused his two Royal Nephews to be murthered ; it so happened that Jane Shore going by the House of a certain Baker that had receiv'd a particular Kindness from her formerly ; (for he having been condemn'd to die for being concerned in a Riot in King Edward's Days, she got his Pardon freely) this Baker seeing her go by, looking thin and meagre, and ready to perish, he had so grateful a Remembrance of her former Kindness, that he could not forbear (notwithstanding the Proclamation) from taking a Penny Loaf, and trundling it after her : Which she thankfully took up, and blessed him, with Tears in her Eyes, it being to her an acceptable Present. But it prov'd a costly one to the poor Baker ; for some of his malicious Neighbours having seen it (for Envy always has a Lynx's Eye) informed against the charitable Men ; and the inexorable Tyrant caus'd him to be hang'd for not obeying his cruel Proclamation : And 'twould have been a Mer

cy to *Jane Shore*, if he had also hanged her with him. For the poor Baker's Execution so terrify'd the People, that they durst afford her no Relief. So that in piteous Rags, hardly enough to hide her Nakedness, she went about a most deplorable and truly miserable and wretched Spectacle, wringing her Hands, and sadly lamenting and bemoaning her dismal and unhappy Condition.

And here, methinks, I cannot but look back a little, and reflect upon the strange and amazing Change of worldly Glory, and indeed of all worldly Things: They that had seen *Jane Shore* in the Arms of King *Edward*, and Chief in Favour, smiling on whom she smil'd, and frowning where she frowned; her Chamber, like another Court of Requests, being always crowded with Petitioners; could never have believed they should ever have seen her neglected, scorn'd, vilify'd, and reduc'd to that Decree of Poverty and Want, that to have had the Liberty of Begging, would have been esteem'd a mighty

Happiness : Sure it must be extreamly surprizing, that she who was served in Plate, and treated with the costliest Viands, that either Art or Nature could procure, or Water, Earth, or Air produce ; that she, I say, should ever be reduc'd to that extreme Degree of Misery, as to be fore'd to sit upon a Dung-hill, and glad to eat the Refuse of the Dogs.

Thus as the Prince of Poets, Virg<sup>i</sup>, tells us,

*New Turns and Chances every Day,  
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts.  
Soon she gives, soon takes away,  
She comes embraces nauiseats you, and parti.  
But if she stays, or if she goes,  
The wise Man little Joy, or little Sorrow shouer.  
For over all, there hangs a double Fate,  
And few there are, who're always fortunate.  
One gains, by what another is bereft,  
The frugal Destinie's have only left  
A common Bank of Happiness below,  
Maintain'd like Nature by an Ebb and Flow.  
A strange Vicissitude of human Fare,  
Still altring, never in a steady State.*

But to return to *Jane Shore*: That she lived like a *Camelion*, almost upon nothing but Air, all the Time of King *Richard*, yet she made a Shift (tho' but a very poor one) to survive that Tyrant, who being slain fighting in *Bosworth-field*, (too honourable a Death for such a bloody Villain) his wretched Corps, being stripp'd naked and bloody, was laid upon a Horse, like a Calf, and carried to *Leicester*, where it was for two Days expos'd to the View of the People, and after buried in the *Crey-Fryers* Monastery in that Town. This Tyrant's Death gave a small Respite to *Jane Shore's* Miseries; for People then were not afraid to give her Relief; and tho' she was still forc'd to beg, yet this was a great Kindness to her, that People might bestow their Charity upon her, without Fear. But this was but like a little reviving before Death: For *Henry the Seventh* (who succeeded *Richard the Third*) having married *Elizabeth*, the eldest Daughter of King *Edward the Fourth*, who hated *Jane Shore*, as much as her Father loved her, pro-

cur'd another Proclamation against Jane Shore, forbidding her to be relieved : Which again forced her to wander up and down naked and helpless, and in as miserable a Condition as before. So that now being destitute even of Hope itself, (the only Comfort of the Miserable) and growing Old withal, she finished her wretched Life in a Ditch, which from her Dying in it, does to this Day retain the Name of *Shore's Ditch* : However, tho' her Sufferings in this World were exceeding great, and rendered her a truly miserable Object, yet were they a Means of bringing her to a Sight of her Sins, and a true Repentance for them ; as appears by her dying Lamentation ; with which I conclude her Life.

*Jane Shore's Lamentation at her Death.*

**C**ood People, tho' by the Rigor of the Laws you are forbid to give me any Relief, yet you may pity my distressed State, for the Scripture tells us, *The Miserable, Pity should be shew'd* ; And thus,

that, and your Prayers is all I now ask for: For I am now putting a period to a miserable Life; a Life which I have long been weary of. Nor is it my distressed Circumstances only makes me so much long for Death, I would not live again, although I were to live as I have done before, in all the Glory, Pomp and Pleasures of King Edward's Court: No, I am happier now upon this Dunghill, than I was ever in his princely Arms. For, O, 'twas an adulterous Bed indeed, a Bed of Sorrow it has been to me, and filled me with unutterable Griefs: O wretched, that e're I knew King Edward! That e're I was berray'd to his Embraces: What Floods of Sorrow has my Sin occasioned! But tears can never wash my Sins away! O learn from me good People, to beware of vain Delights, and flesh pleasing of Joys; they promise fair, but leave such Stings behind 'em, as will eternally torment the Soul, and drag it down to everlasting punishments; Alas! you think my punishment is grievous here in this World, and so it is indeed; for I've endured a

150 The History of

rhousand Deaths in one, a thousand Deaths, and yet I could not die: But now, my dying Moment's come, and I rejoice therein. Sincere Repentance has secur'd my peace with Heaven above, against whom I have sinned! But O! where true Repentance is not given, what Seas of torment wrack and drown the Soul! O happy Dunghill, how do I embrace thee! From thee my pardon'd Soul shall soar to Heaven, tho' in this Ditch I leave my filthy and polluted Carcass. O, that the Name of Shore may be an Antidote to stop the poisonous and foul Contagion of raging Lust for ever!

Look not upon the gilded Baits of Sin,  
For that the Ruin of Jane Shore has been  
Leaving by her Example this Truth  
to Posterity;

A SONG of the supposed Ghost of  
Shore's Wife.

To the Tum of, Live with me, &c.



D Am Nature's Darling let me be  
The Mag of sad Calamity;

For never none like Shore's fair Wife,  
Had badder End, nor better Life;

For I had all the Royal Graces

Of Edward's Love, and sweet Embraces.

He being dead, my Joys did die,  
And I grew hateful in each Eye ;  
Which made me thus complain and say,  
The fairest Flower will fade away :

So I did trust too much the Smiles

Of wand'ring Times bewitching Guiles.

From noble Blood I had no Birth,  
My Heritage few Foot of Earth :  
Tho' made out of the meanest Mould,  
Yet Fortune gave me Gifts of Gold,  
And staid my Face with Favours fair,  
Like Phœbus in the azur'd Air.

My Shape was seemly to each Sight,  
My Eyes in Looks were proved light ;  
My Countenance had sober Grace,  
Nor gave my Heart a Lover's Place ;  
Yet Woe is me, accepting this,  
My King did win me to amiss.

If Kind had made me Black or Brown,  
I then had liv'd in good Renown :  
But woe is me, my Peacock's Pride,  
Did show a Face as it was dy'd.

With

With Nature's blushing Tapstery,  
Which mov'd and lik'd a princely Eye.

I was intic'd by Trains of Trust,  
A King did love, consent I must :  
And so my Youth did run astray,  
To be a Prince's wanton Prey :  
Then try that List, and they shall prove  
The ripeſt Wits will ſoonerſt love.

What need I more myſelf to clear,  
Promotion blindeth Shame and Fear ;  
A King did win me to his Call,  
A Hope, that Women ſeek for All ;  
For ſuch Mifdoubts, not following Harms,  
Which lie and ſleep in Princes Arms.

The Nightingale with merry Voice,  
Doth make the Hearers all rejoice ;  
So with the Lark I ſtill did ſing  
Sweet wanton Muſick to my King ;  
And temper'd ſo my moving Tongue,  
That at his Bosom ſtill I hung.

My Gueſtures, Talk, and modeft Grace,  
Did bring my King in ſuch a Caſe,  
That I became his chiefest Hand,  
And govern'd him that rul'd this Land :  
I bore the Sword, he wore the Crown ;  
I ſtruck the Stroke, but he caſt down.

If I did frown, he look'd awry,  
 If I but speak, none durst deny :  
 If I did smile, he sought aright,  
 And would with Smiles, my Smiles requite :  
 And hereupon I built my Bower,  
 And thought my sweet wou'd ne'er turn  
 sower.

*My Fortune went beyond my Skill,*  
*For I had Wealth and Ease at Will :*  
*With Robes more braver than the Sun,*  
*So did my Fortune's Glass still run :*  
*That in these earthly Pleasures clad,*  
*A princely Place a Time I had.*

*At last this bliss was turn'd to bale,*  
*And all my Fortune's gan to fall ;*  
*For I was brought to Sorrows Bands,*  
*Which made me weep and wring my Hands,*  
*When Edward dy'd, my chieft Joy*  
*Was chang'd to Care and sad Anoy.*

*My King intomb'd, and laid in Ground,*  
*I was beset with Sorrows round,*  
*And slanders falsly rais'd, That I*  
*Gave Poison to his Majesty,*  
*Which mortal Hate, and cruel Spite,*  
*Bereft me of my Fortune quite.*

*The Lord Protector being then*  
*My Foe, and worst of living Men,*

JAMES SHOKE.

He judg'd me soon to live in shame,  
Though I deserv'd no such like Blame;

A Penance took by his Command,  
With burning Taper in my Hand.

As wandring Eyes star'd on my Face,  
Meek Patience lent me modest Grace,  
That I was prais'd of every Man,  
Whilst shame-fac'd Blood my Cheeks down ran:  
Ten Thousand said, with sober cheer,  
It was a Grief to see me there.

My Penance pass'd the Tyrant's Mind,  
To further Mischief was inclin'd;  
He spoil'd my Goods, and gave command,  
That none my succ'ring Friend should stand,  
And being left thus bare and poor,  
I begg'd for Food from Door to Door.

Being thus cast down from princely fare,  
Of Alms to take an hungry share  
The Crumbs that fell from Blind and Lame,  
To pick them up, I did me frame,  
And thus by Prayer, and heav'd up Palms,  
I was enforc'd to live by Alms.

The golden Chains I want to wear,  
Were chang'd to Rags, both thin and bare;  
I had no House to bide my Head;  
The Streets and Stalls my nightly Bed:

My

My selfe consum'd was like a corse,  
Nor none of me must have remorse.

The last i bus ended this my Life ;  
Example take both Maid and Wife :  
For wanton Ways deceived me,  
Though boulster'd out by Majestie.  
The Time will change, says dying Shore  
If thou misdo, offend no more.

M A M O  
F I N I S.



